



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

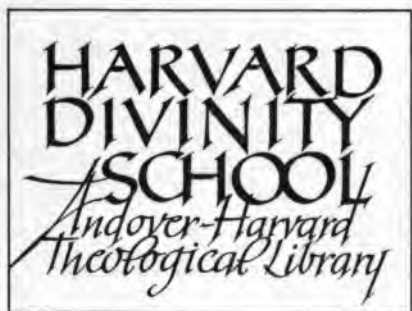
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

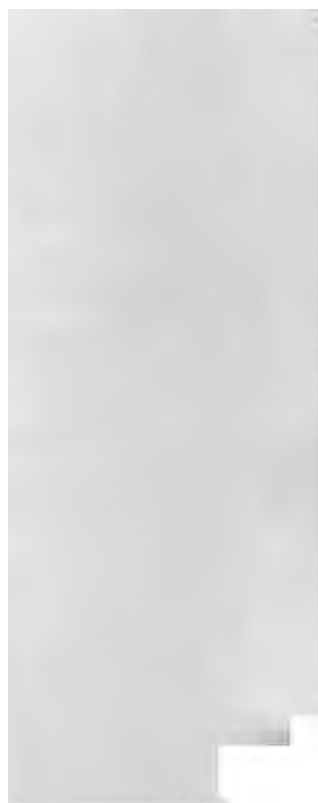
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





1

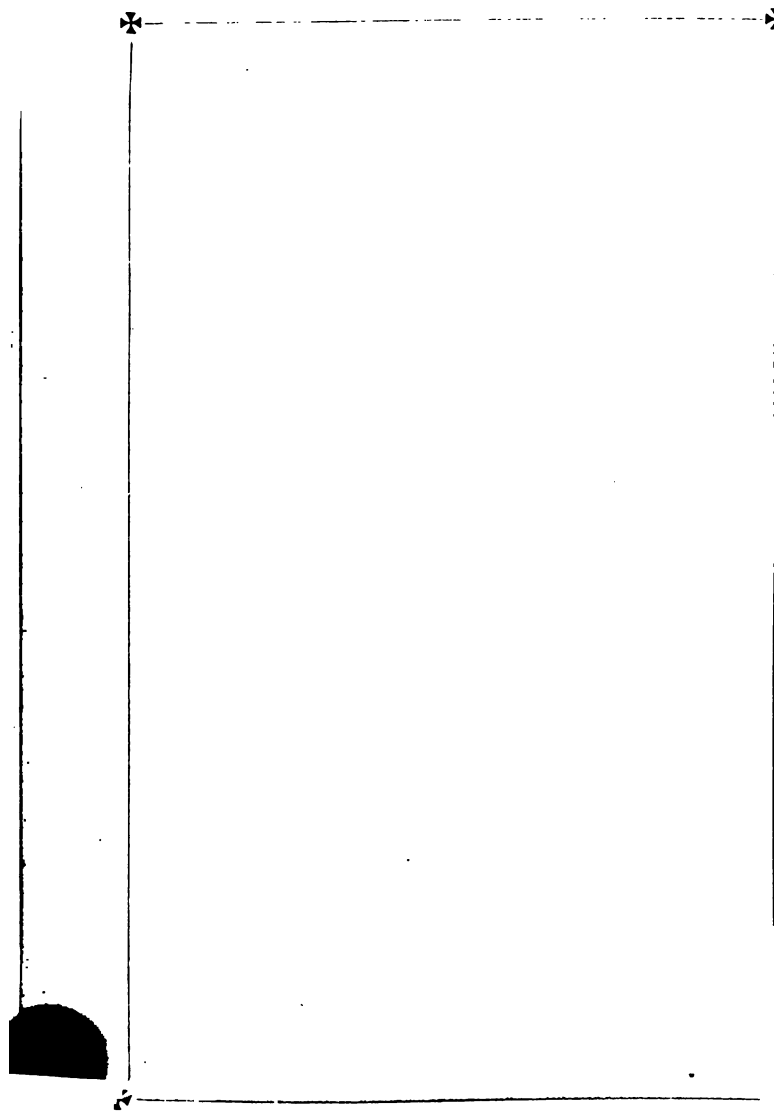
2





1894
7

HYMNS.





©

HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF

RUGBY SCHOOL.

WOOD

Rugby :

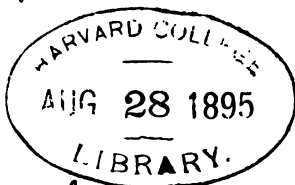
W. BILLINGTON.

1876.



~~122/143~~

Mms 492.25.1876



Duplicate money.

RUGBY:
W. BILLINGTON, PRINTER,
MARKET PLACE.

BV
525
.R8
1876

NO excuse is needed for the issue of an enlarged edition of the old Rugby Hymn Book: but thanks are due to many without whose good will this edition would have been very incomplete.

Thanks are due—

To the Proprietors of Hymns Ancient and Modern, from whose revised edition three Hymns by the Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., are reprinted; and six Translations of old Hymns.

To H. Maxwell Lyte, Esq., for five Hymns by his grandfather, the late Rev. H. F. Lyte.

To the Rev. C. W. Furse, for three Hymns by the late Rev. Dr. Monsell.

To the Rev. F. Gurney, for three Hymns by the late Rev. J. Hampden Gurney.

To the Rev. N. R. Toke, an old Rugbeian, for two Hymns by his mother, the late Mrs. Toke.

To the Rev. Godfrey Thring, for two Hymns.

Mrs. Alexander.

The Rev. Canon Walsham How.

The Rev. Lewis Hensley.

Preface.

To the Rev. Henry Twells.

The Rev. Canon Barry, D.D.

Miss Frances E. Cox.

Mrs. Maude.

The Rev. W. H. Bathurst.

The Right Hon. Earl Nelson.

The Rev. Henry Downton.

The Rev. C. H. Bowden, for three Hymns by the late
Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D.

Mrs. S. Greg, for her late husband's Transfiguration
Hymn.

The Rev. John Chandler, for Translations of three Latin
Hymns.

The Rev. Canon and Professor Kennedy.

Mrs. Alford, for Hymns by the Very Rev. the late
Dean Alford.

The Rev. S. J. Stone.

The Rev. G. R. Prynne.

Mr. W. Chatterton Dix.

The Rev. Canon and Professor William Bright, D.D., an
old Rugbeian, for four Hymns.

Mrs. Cotton, for a Hymn by the late Right Rev. the
Bishop of Calcutta, formerly a Master at Rugby
School.

Mrs. Tregelles, for a Hymn by her late husband, the
Rev. Dr. Tregelles.

The Rev. John Ellerton, for four Hymns.

Messrs. Burns and Oates, for Hymns by the Rev. E.
Caswall, and the Rev. John Henry Newman.

John Murray, Esq., for two Hymns by the late Dean
Milman.

Preface.

To Messrs. J. H. Parker, for three Hymns by the late Rev. John Keble; and for two Hymns by the late Joseph Anstice.

Messrs. Longman (on payment), for five Hymns translated by Miss Winkworth (from the "Lyra Germanica.")

Messrs. Masters, for five of the "Mediæval Hymns," by the Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.; and one from "Hymns for Children."

Messrs. Nisbet, for Hymns by the late Rev. Dr. Bonar, and the Rev. J. Edmeston.

Messrs. Novello, for two Hymns.

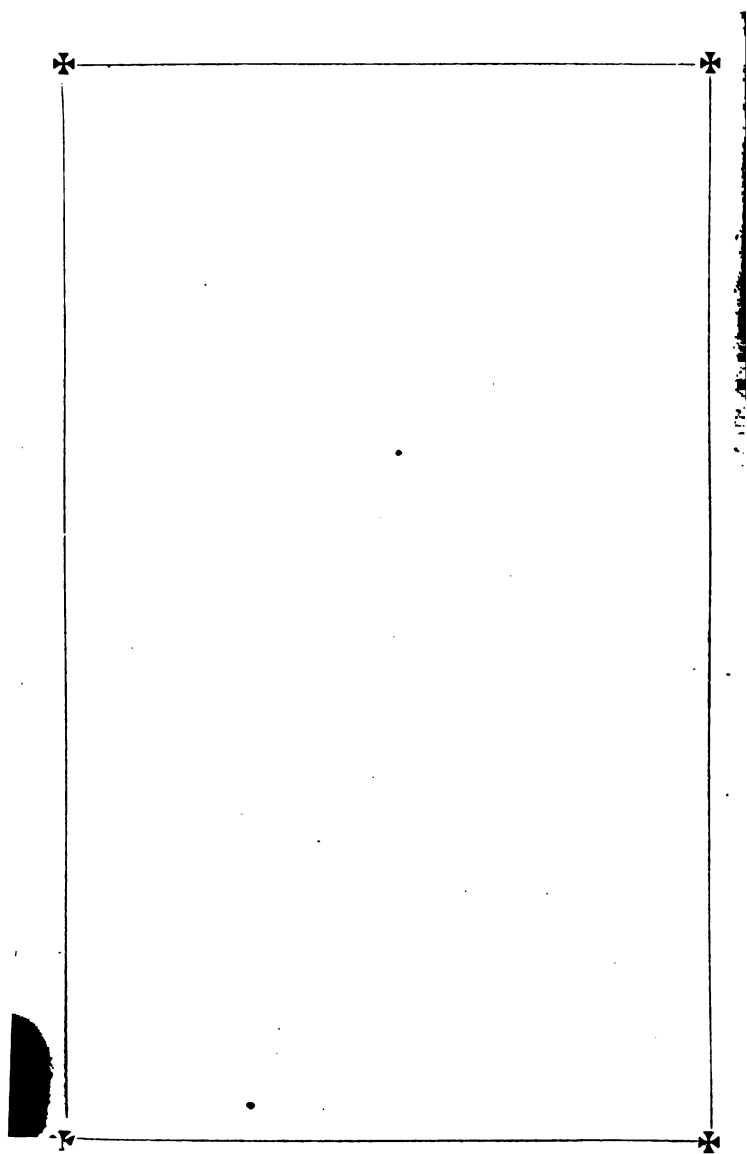
Messrs. Rivington, for Mr. Lyte's "Abide with me," and a Hymn by the late Bishop Mant.

Messrs. Hayes, for Hymns by the late Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.

The Very Rev. A. P. Stanley, an old Rugbeian, Dean of Westminster.

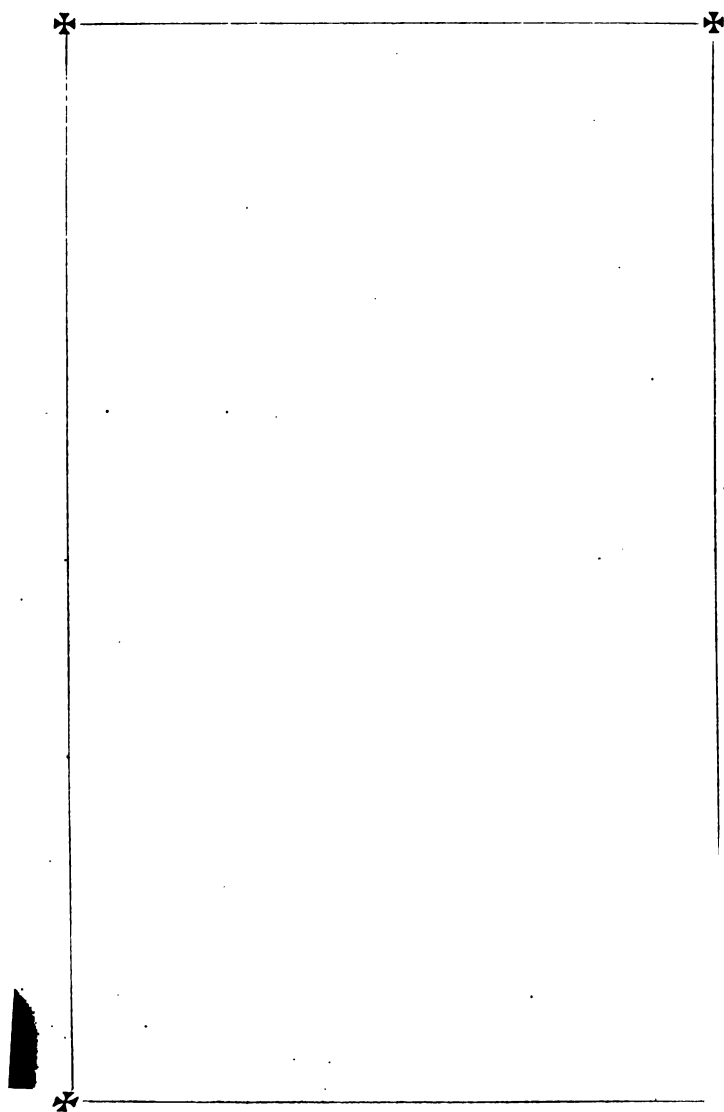
The Rev. the Editor of the "Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer."

In no case has any copyright Hymn been knowingly reprinted without permission; and for errors of inadvertence forgiveness is requested.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MORNING	1
EVENING	19
SUNDAY	41
ADVENT	57
CHRISTMAS	77
EPIPHANY	85
LENT	89
EASTER	127
ASCENSION	138
WHITSUNTIDE	147
TRINITY	159
SAINTS' DAYS	163
HOLY COMMUNION	176
SPECIAL OCCASIONS	191
FOR GENERAL USE—	
PRAISE	211
PRAYER	272
FAITH	315
HOPE	361



Morning.

1.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time, misspent, redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem :
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere ;
Thy conscience as the noonday clear :
Think how all-seeing God surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy words and ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire ;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight,
Have, all day long, my God in sight ;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will :
O, may I never more do ill.

2.

ALL praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart :
One ray of Thy all-quickenng light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Morning.

3.

O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily near to God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Morning.

4.

NOW the morn new light is pouring,
Lord ! may we our spirits raise,
Through Thy grace our souls restoring ;
So, on Thy great day of days,
We with joy its dawn may meet
Fearless at Thy judgment-seat.

Jesu ! Thou our steps be guiding
By Thy word's celestial light,
Now and evermore abiding
Our defence, our rock of might !
Nowhere, save alone in Thee,
Can we rest from danger free.

Lo ! we yield to Thy direction
Soul and body, heart and mind ;
Keep Thou all by Thy protection,
To Thy mighty hand resigned !
Thee our glorious God we own ;
Let us, Lord, be Thine alone !

Morning.

5.

O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's Face,
Thou Fountain of eternal Light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night;

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

All-hallowed be this new-born day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright!

O Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
O may we ever clearly see
The Way, the Truth, the Life, in Thee!

6.

LO! the golden light is peering,
Let the dimness fleet away,
Which so long hath kept us veering
From the narrow path astray.

May the morn, sweet calmness breathing,
Keep us morn-like, chaste and pure;
In our lips no falsehood sheathing,
In our hearts no sin obscure.

So the day, all smoothly gliding,
May preserve our tongue from guile,
Eyes from wandering, feet from sliding,
Hands from aught that can defile.

All day long an eye is o'er us,
Which our every secret knows,
Sees our every step before us,
From first morn till evening's close.

To the Father praise unending,
To the Son and Spirit blest,
Still from age to age ascending,
Be throughout all worlds address.

7.

CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
Dayspring from on high be near,
Daystar in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine ;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine ;
Scatter all my unbelief ;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

8.

COME, my soul, thou must be waking—
Now is breaking

O'er the earth another day :
Come to Him who made this splendour,
See thou render

All thy feeble strength can pay.

Gladly hail the light returning ;
Ready burning

Be the incense of thy powers :
For the night is safely ended—
God hath tended

With His care thy helpless hours.

Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,

When thine aim is good and true ;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

Think that He thy ways beholdeth—
He unfoldeth

Every fault that lurks within ;
Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

Morning.

Fettered to the fleeting hours,
All our powers

Vain and brief are borne away :
Time, my soul, thy ship is steering,
Onward veering,
To the gulf of death a prey.

Mayst thou then on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet :
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey :
Soon shall joy thy brow be wreathing,
Splendour breathing,
Fairer than the fairest day.

Round the gifts His bounty showers,
Walls and towers
Girt with flames thy God shall rear :
Angel legions to defend thee
Shall attend thee,
Hosts whom Satan's self shall fear.

9.

IAM lucis orto sidere
Deum precemur supplices,
Ut in diurnis actibus
Nos servet a nocentibus.

Linguam refrenans temperet,
Ne litis horror insonet;
Visum fovendo contegat,
Ne vanitates hauriat.

Sint pura cordis intima,
Absistat et vecordia;
Carnis terat superbiam
Potus cibique parcitas :

Ut, cum dies abscesserit,
Noctemque sors reduxerit,
Mundi per abstinentiam
Ipsi canamus gloriam.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne sæculum.

10.

AGAIN the daylight fills the sky ;
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do, or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day ;

Would guard our hearts and tongues from strife ;
Would shield from anger's din our life ;
From all ill sights would turn our eyes
And close our ears from vanities.

So we, when this new day is gone
And shades of night are drawing on,
With conscience by the world unstained
Shall praise His name for victory gained.

11.

IN the morning hear my voice ;
Let me in Thy light rejoice,
God, my Sun ! my strength renew,
Send Thy blessing down like dew.

Through the duties of the day,
Grant me grace to watch and pray,
Live as always seeing Thee,
Knowing, " Thou, God ! seest me."

When the evening skies display
Richer pomp than noon's array,
Be the shades of death to me
Bright with immortality.

When the round of care is run,
And the stars succeed the sun,
Songs of praise with prayer unite,
Crown the day, and hail the night.

Thus with Thee, my God ! my Friend !
Time begin, continue, end,
While life's joys and sorrows pass,
Like the changes of the grass.

12.

FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil ;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray ;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

13.

COME, thou bright and morning Star,
Light of light, without beginning,
Shine upon us from afar,
That we may be kept from sinning ;
Drive away by Thy clear light
Our dark night.

Let Thy grace, like morning dew
Falling upon barren places,
Comfort, quicken, and renew
Our dry souls and dying graces ;
Bless Thy flock from Thy rich store,
Evermore.

May Thy fervent love destroy
Our cold works, in us awaking
Ardent zeal, and holy joy,
At the purple morn's first breaking ;
Let us truly rise, ere yet
Life has set.

Ah! Thou Day-star from on high,
Grant that at Thy next appearing,
We who in the grave do lie,
May arise, Thy summons hearing ;
And rejoice in our new life,
Far from strife.

Morning.

Light us to those heavenly spheres,
Sun of Grace, in glory shrouded ;
 Lead us through this vale of tears,
To the land where days unclouded,
 Purest joy, and perfect peace,
 Never cease.

14.

LORD, Thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep
Through this weary wilderness.
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are stony paths to tread ;—
Give the strength we sorely lack :
There are tangled paths to thread ;—
Light us, lest we miss the track.
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest.
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

15.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine !
O let Thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be Thine !

Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself can give
If Thou Thy love restrain.

With Thee let every day begin,
With Thee each day be spent ;
For Thee each fleeting hour improved
Since each by Thee is lent.

Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And Heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

16.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret prayer ;
To Thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear ;
And with the dawning day
To Thee devoutly I'll look up,
To Thee devoutly pray.

Conduct me by Thy righteous law,
For watchful is my foe ;
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way
Wherein I ought to go.

To righteous men the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend,
And with His favour all His saints
As with a shield defend.

17.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light !
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I wake.

When in the night I sleepless lie, .
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

18.

SUN of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night, if Thou be near :
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes !

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live :
Abide with me, when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die !

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store :
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Evening.

19.

O FATHER, who didst all things make,
That heaven and earth might do Thy will,
Bless us, this night, for Jesus' sake,
And for Thy work preserve us still.

O Son, who didst redeem mankind,
And set the captive sinner free,
Keep us, this night, with peaceful mind,
That we may safe abide with Thee.

O Holy Ghost, who by Thy power
The Church elect dost sanctify,
Seal us, this night, and, hour by hour,
These hearts and members purify.

Praise be to Father, praise to Son,
Blest Spirit, equal praise to Thee!
Glory to God, the Three in One;
Glory to God, the One in Three!

20.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;
May Thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This live-long night !

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie :
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high !

21.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing ;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us ;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

Should, this night, our spirit leave us,
Should swift death our portion be ;
Lord, in Paradise receive us,—
Rest we there in peace with Thee !

22.

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me !

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings :
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me !

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

Evening.

23.

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store ;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past ;
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

O, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high :
Help us to look to that bright place,
Beyond the sky,

Where light, and love, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain ;

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all !

24.

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go ;
Thy word into our minds instil ;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Do more than pardon, give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Evening.

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
Ah ! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
O let Thy mercy make us glad :
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

25.

AT even ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;
O, in what divers pains they met !
O, with what joy they went away !

Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near :
What if Thy form we cannot see ?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel ;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had ;

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free ;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee ;

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin ;
And they, who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man ;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide ;

Evening.

Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

26.

AS now the sun's declining rays
At eventide descend,
So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.

Lord, on the Cross Thine arms were stretched
To draw Thy people nigh ;
O grant us then that Cross to love,
And in those arms to die.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

27.

THE day is past and over ;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee !
I pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be :
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over ;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be :
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over ;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be :
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

Be Thou my soul's preserver,
For Thou alone dost know
How many are the perils,
Through which I have to go :
O loving Jesu, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

Evening.

28.

THE day, O Lord, is spent :
Abide with us, and rest ;
Our heart's desires are fully bent
On making Thee our guest.

We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

Our sun is sinking now ;
Our day is almost o'er :
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore !

29.

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resign'd ;

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live ;

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast ;

Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide ;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live : yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

Evening.

One Sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine.

30.

THROUGH the day thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest :
Jesu, thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers ;
In thine arms may we repose ;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last !

31.

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer
Lay down the burden and the care!

O God our light! to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

32.

LIGHT of gladness, Beam divine
From the glory's inmost shrine,
Where in His immortal rest
Reigns Thy Father ever-blest,

Jesus Christ, our hymn receive,
Sunset brings the lights of eve,
Bids us praise the Father, Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One.

Night and day for Thee is meet
Holy voices' anthem sweet,
Ringing through the world abroad,
Hail, life-giving Son of God!

33.

NOW at the night's return we raise
To Thee, our King, the voice of praise ;
And may our prayer, set forth aright,
Ascend like incense in Thy sight.

Earth lay in darkness, Lord, when Thou
Thine own bright heaven for us didst bow,
And camest down to save the lost
From such a doom, at such a cost.

So now on us in mercy shine,
O Judge most awful, most benign,
To whom in faith we bend the knee
And look for help to none but Thee.

Full well we know in whom we trust,
Whose hand exalts us from the dust,
Whose will assigns each day and hour,
Whose grace in weakness perfects power.

O'er all that stains our lifetime past
The veil of Thy forgiveness cast ;
Yea, cleanse our spirits through and through,
And set us right and keep us true.

Bless Thou the distant and the dear,
Let each to each in Thee draw near,
Still travelling towards our Home above,
And leaning still on one strong Love.

Evening.

To Thee, O Christ, we lift our eyes,
On Thee alone our hope relies ;
Thou wilt not, canst not bring to shame
The hope that pleads Thy glorious name.

34.

NOW that the daylight dies away,
By all Thy grace and love,
Thee, Saviour of the world, we pray
To watch us from above.

Let sin depart and darkness fly,
The offspring of the Night,
Keep us like shrines beneath Thine eye,
Pure in our foe's despite.

This grace on Thy redeem'd confer,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Eternal Three in One.

35.

O LORD, another day is flown ;
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before Thy throne
To bless Thy fostering hand.

And wilt Thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours ?
Thou wilt ! for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

And, Jesus, Thou Thy smiles wilt deign
As we before Thee pray ;
For Thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

O let Thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease ;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace !

Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely Thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head ;

And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And Thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day !

36.

FATHER! by Thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour ;
Light has vanished, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace :
We to Thee ourselves resign ;
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

Saviour! to Thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer ;
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We like sheep have gone astray ;
Blessed Saviour, yet through Thee
Grant that we may pardoned be.

Holy Spirit! breath of balm,
Fall on us in evening's calm ;
Yet awhile before we sleep,
We with Thee will vigil keep :
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort still.

Blessed Trinity! be near
Through the hours of darkness drear ;
Watch o'er our defenceless head,
Keep all evil from our bed ;
Till the light of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

Evening.

37.

LORD of my life, whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer
Before Thy throne I bow ;
I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

O may I daily, hourly strive
In heavenly grace to grow ;
To Thee and to Thy glory live,
Dead else to all below ;
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God !

With prayer my humble praise I bring
For mercies day by day ;
Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
Lord, teach me how to pray !
All that I have, and am, to Thee
I offer through eternity !

Sunday.

38.

GOD of ages never-ending,
Ruling all with Sovereign power,
Whose firm truth, our steps attending,
Led us on from childhood's hour ;
Lord, this day our souls shall raise,
Waking them to purer praise.

May we love these hours of leisure,—
'Tis the Lord's own holy feast,
Comforting with hallowed pleasure,
Hearts from daily toil released ;
While His Spirit, freely given,
Points the way from earth to heaven.

Lord, confirm the prayers we're raising,
For Thy flock are Thine alone :
All Thy holy name be praising,
All Thy glorious greatness own ;
Till we've run our earthly race,
And in heaven behold Thy face !

Sunday.

39.

MORN of morns, and day of days,
Silent as the morning's rays,
From the sepulchre's dark prison
Christ, the Light of lights, hath risen.

He commanded, and His Word
Death and the dread chaos heard :
We, O shame, more deaf than they,
In the chains of darkness stay.

Lord ! to hearts in slumber weak
Let the heavenly trumpet speak ;
And, like lights of early morn,
New ways mark the newly born.

Grant us this, and with us be,
Sole Fount of all Charity :
Thou who dost the Spirit give,
Bidding the dead letter live.

Equal praise to Father, Son,
And to Thee, the Holy One,
By whose quickening breath divine
Our dull spirits burn and shine.

Sunday.

40.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
 To Thine abode
 My heart aspires
 With warm desires
 To see my God.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
 They praise Thee still;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Sion's hill.

They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
 O glorious seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

Sunday.

41.

JESU, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

Sunday.

42.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house ;
And own as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from the desert rise.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress ;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long-expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

Sunday.

43.

THIS is the day of light :
Let there be light to-day ;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest :
Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace :
Thy peace our spirits fill ;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer :
Let earth to heaven draw near ;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there ;
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days :
Send forth Thy quickening Breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death !

Sunday.

44.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes, in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

Sunday.

45.

AS Thou didst rest, O Father, o'er nature's finished birth,
As Thou didst in Thy work rejoice, and bless the new-born
earth,
So give us now that Sabbath-rest, which makes Thy children
free,
Free for the work of love to man, of thankfulness to Thee !

But in Thy worship, Father, O lift our souls above,
By Holy Word, by prayer and hymn, by eucharistic love ;
Till e'en the dull cold work of earth, the earth which
Christ hath trod,
Shall be itself a silent prayer, to raise us up to God.

So lead us on to heaven, where in Thy presence blest,
" The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at
rest,"

Where faith is lost in vision, where love hath no alloy,
And through eternity there flows the deepening stream of
joy.

To Thee, who giv'st us freedom, our Father and our King ;
To Thee, the risen Lord of life, our ransomed spirits sing ;
Thou fill'st the Church in earth and heaven, O Holy Ghost ;
to Thee
In warfare's toil, in victory's rest, eternal glory be.

Sunday.

46.

LIGHT of light, enlighten me,
Now anew the day is dawning ;
Sun of grace, the shadows flee,
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning,
With Thy joyous sunshine blest
Happy is my day of rest !

Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me,
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me ;
Bless Thy word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

Kindle Thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying ;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire may in me glow,
That Thine altar doth not know.

Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, Holy, Holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee upspringing,
Have a foretaste inly given
How they worship Thee in heaven.

Sunday.

47.

HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams !
Light, which not of earth is born,
From thy dawn in glory streams :
Airs of heaven are breathed around,
And each place is holy ground.

Sad and weary were our way,
Fainting oft beneath our load,
But for thee, thou blessed day,
Resting place on life's rough road :
Here flow forth the streams of grace,
Strengthen'd hence we run our race.

Great Creator ! Who this day
From Thy perfect work didst rest :
By the souls that own Thy sway
Hallow'd be its hours and blest ;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day giv'n to heaven alone !

Saviour ! Who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb ;
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom :
Let me from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to Thee.

Sunday.

Blessed Spirit! Comforter!
Sent this day from Christ on high,
Lord! on me Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify!
All Thine influence shed abroad,
Lead me to the truth of God.

Sunday.

48.

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then lowly kneeling wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have call'd upon Thy name.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflicts cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Sunday.

49.

AND now the wants are told, that brought
Thy children to Thy knee ;
Here lingering still we ask for nought,
But simply worship Thee.

The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart,
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.

For Thou art God, the One, the Same,
O'er all things high and bright ;
And round us, when we speak Thy Name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine ;
To know that naught in man can tell
How far Thy beauties shine.

O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are ;

For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say "A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours."

Sunday.

50.

CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,
Let us each, with grateful heart,
Once more to our Father raise
Our united hymn of praise.

Here we all may meet no more ;
But there is a brighter shore,
Where, above all sin and pain,
Brethren, we may meet again.

To the Triune God of heaven
Love and praise be ever given—
Here, and by His hosts above,
Endless praise, adoring love.

Sunday.

51.

THE day of praise is done,
The evening shadows fall ;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

Good Lord, to Thy dear will
Do Thou attune our hearts,
That in Thine angels' music still
Our souls may bear their parts.

Do Thou each spirit calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

Shine Thou within us then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall end.

52.

ERE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
At Thy feet we bow the knee.

For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven.

Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin ;
But Thou canst and wilt forgive ;
By Thy grace alone we live.

Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead ;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above ;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

53.

HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long :
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

54.

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train.
Halleluiah !
Christ is come to earth again.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in awful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Hark ! the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth have passed away !
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day.
Come to judgment !
Come to judgment ! Come away !

Blest Redemption, long expected !
Lo ! His solemn pomp to share,
All His saints, by man rejected,
Rise to meet Him in the air.
Halleluiah !
See the day of God appear !

Advent.

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne ;
Saviour, worlds bow down before Thee ;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
O come quickly !
Come, and make Thy glories known !

55.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;—
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!
The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding.
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.
But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.
Great God! to Thee my prayers I pour,
In sight of judgment quailing;
Be Thou my strength in that dread hour,
When flesh and heart are failing;
Let perfect love cast out all fear;
So may I, when the Judge is near,
With joy go forth to meet Him.

56.

WHEN Christ the Lord would come on earth
His messenger before Him went ;
The greatest born of mortal birth,
And charged with words of deep intent.

The least of all that here attend
Hath honour greater far than he ;
He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,
His body and His spouse are we ;

A higher race, the sons of light,
Of water and the Spirit born ;
He the last star of parting night,
And we the children of the morn.

And as he boldly spake Thy word,
And joyed to hear the Bridegroom's voice,
Thus may Thy pastors teach, O Lord,
And thus Thy listening church rejoice.

57.

ERE that solemn hour of doom,
When the Son of Man shall come,
Bidding quick and bidding dead
Rise to meet their risen Head ;
Church of Jesus, hear the word
Of thine own eternal Lord.

Virgins ten, with joyous feet,
Forth the Bridegroom went to meet ;
Wise with heavenly wisdom, five
Kept with oil their lamps alive ;
Five, with earth-born folly dim,
Scorned with oil their lamps to trim.

While the Bridegroom yet delayed,
Slumber bowed each virgin head ;
Sudden rose the midnight cry,—
“ Lo ! the Bridegroom draweth nigh ! ”
Leapt to life that virgin train,
Trimmed their dying lamps again.

Vainly now for oil ye cry,
Foolish virgins, hence, and buy !
Fast they speed,—when lo, the door
Closeth on them evermore ;
Stern the voice which stuns each heart,
“ Hence, I know you not, depart ! ”

Advent.

Church of Jesus, rise and pray !
Dark that hour, and nigh that day :
Woe, ye hypocrites, to you !
Trim, ye saints, your lamps anew ;
For the Bridegroom watch and wait :—
Jesus Christ is at the gate.

58.

DIES iræ, dies illa
Solvat sæclum in favilla
Crucis explicans vexilla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Iudex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Liber scriptus proferetur
In quo totum continetur,
De quo mundus iudicetur.

Iudex ergo quum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tum dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus sit securus.

Recordare Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa Tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illa die.

Advent.

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus :
Tantus labor ne sit cassus.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis :
Gere curam mei finis.

59.

DAY of wrath, thou day of thunder,
Rending heaven and earth in sunder ;
Day all seers foretold with wonder !

Sore the trembling, great the fearing,
When the Judge is nigh appearing,
For that strict and solemn hearing !

Hark ! the trumpet-blast appalling
On the world of graves is falling,
To the throne of Judgment calling !

Wretched, what shall I be pleading,
To what guardian interceding,
When e'en saints are succour needing ?

King of Glory, dread and holy,
Saving man by mercy solely,
Fount of love, O save me wholly !

Day of woe and fear heart-rending !
When from out the grave ascending,
Lord, all sinners stand before Thee :
Father, pardon, we implore Thee !
 Gracious Jesu, Saviour blest,
 Grant us all eternal rest !

60.

COME, O Saviour, long expected,
Born to set Thy people free ;
From our guilt and fear protected,
We shall find our rest in Thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art ;
Blest desire of every nation,
Joy of every faithful heart.

Born the chains of sin to sever,
Born a child, and yet a king ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring !

By Thine own eternal Spirit
In our hearts rule Thou alone ;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

61.

HOSANNA to the living Lord !
Hosanna to the incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing :
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

Hosanna, Lord ! Thine angels cry ;
Hosanna, Lord ! Thy saints reply ;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound ;
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer ;
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim ;
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal ! bid Thy Spirit rest ;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure and worthy Thee.
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

62.

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh ;
Awake, and hearken, for He brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

Then cleansed be every breast from sin ;
Make straight the way for God within ;
Prepare we in our hearts a home,
Where such a mighty Guest may come.

For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge, and our great Reward ;
Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

To heal the sick stretch out Thine Hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand ;
Shine forth, and let Thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee
Whose Advent doth Thy people free ;
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

63.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Són !
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression
And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring :
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing ;
For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

Advent.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove :
His Name shall stand for ever,
That Name to us is Love.

64.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame :
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

Watch ; 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, He's near ;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

65.

O SAVIOUR, is Thy promise fled,
No longer might Thy grace endure
To heal the sick, and raise the dead
And preach Thy gospel to the poor ?

Come, Jesus, come ! return again ;
With brighter beam Thy servants bless,
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign
And share Thy kingdom's happiness.

Come, Jesus, come ! and as of yore
The prophet went to clear Thy way,
A harbinger Thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter day ;

So now may grace with heavenly shower
Our stony hearts for truth prepare ;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap Thy harvest there.

66.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Advent.

The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

67.

THE Lord of might from Sinai's brow
Gave forth His voice of thunder ;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretch'd in fear and wonder :
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right
The rocks were rent asunder.

The Lord of love on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye
In nature's hour of danger ;
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated ;
With trumpet-sound, and angel-song,
And halleluiahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

68.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the angelic throng ;
For angels no such love have known
To awake a cheerful song.

Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given ;
For lo! the incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn ;
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
To us a Child is born.

Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid,
His glory by our lips proclaimed
And by our lives displayed.

When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns,
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains ?

69.

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born ;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above ;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice : " Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth :
This day hath God fulfill'd His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake ; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire :
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang ;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

To Bethlehem straight th' enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man :
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn :
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first apostles of the Saviour's Name.

Christmas.

Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng:
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

Christmas.

70.

HARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Christmas.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

71.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time ;
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore ;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way ;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day.

'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign.

Christmas.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Christmas.

72.

FOR thy mercy and thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer, hear.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be thou our stay :
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort thou his dying head.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own ;
Help, O help us to endure ;
Fit us for the promised crown.

So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

73.

JESU dulcis memoria,
Dans vera cordi gaudia,
Sed super mel et omnia
Ejus dulcis præsentia.

Nil canitur suävius,
Nil auditur jucundius,
Nil cogitatur dulcius,
Quam Jesus Dei Filius.

Jesu, spes pœnitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus,
Quam bonus Te quærentibus!
Sed quid invenientibus?

Jesu dulcedo cordium
Fons veri, lumen mentium,
Excedens omne gaudium,
Et omne desiderium.

Nec lingua valet dicere
Nec litera exprimere,
Expertus potest credere,
Quid sit Jesum diligere.

74.

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright ;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed ;
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore ;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ ! to Thee, our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

Christmas.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down :
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

75.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation:
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

76.

O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry !
Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin ;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in !

We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell ;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well :
Therefore to beg, and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have ?
Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek ;
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer,
O, let Thy mercy come !

77.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind,
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin ;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt hath been.

Against Thee, Lord, alone,
And only in Thy sight,
Have I transgress'd, and, though condemned,
Must own Thy judgments right.

Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight ;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

The joy Thy favour gives
Let me again obtain ;
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

78.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Try us, and prove our treacherous heart,
And bid the power of sin depart.

As through this vale of tears we stray,
Be Thou our Light, be Thou our Stay,
Mark out the pilgrim's heavenly road,
That leads us to the mount of God.

If rough and thorny be our way,
Our strength proportion to our day :
Nor storms nor tempests need we fear,
If Thou, our Sun and Shield, be near.

Guide and uphold us with Thy hand,
Till we arrive at Canaan's land ;
The land where sin and death shall cease,
The land of rest, and joy, and peace.

Lent.

79.

THE solemn season calls us now
A holy fast to keep ;
Let all pour forth the contrite vow,
Let priest and people weep.

Yet come not thou with tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer :
But let it in thine heart be known
That penitence is there.

Thy breast to beat, or garment rend,
God asketh not of thee :
Thy stubborn soul He bids thee bend
In true humility.

O righteous Judge, if Thou wilt deign
To grant us all we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

Blest Three in One, with grief sincere,
To Thee we humbly pray,
Let fruits of penitence appear
To bless this fasting-day.

80.

JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide !
O receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, O leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me !
All my hope on Thee is stayed ;
All my help from Thee I bring :
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing !

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity !

81.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee—
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes—
O, by all Thy pain and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany.

By Thy helpless infant years ;
By Thy life of want and tears ;
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness ;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power ;
Turn, O, turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thine hour of dire despair ;
By Thine agony of prayer ;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany !

Lent.

By Thy deep expiring groan ;
By the sad sepulchral stone ;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God ;
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany !

82.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O, when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

83.

O JESU CHRIST, if aught there be
That more than all beside
In ever-painful memory
Must in my heart abide,

It is that deep ingratitude
Which I to Thee have shown,
Who didst for me, in tears and blood,
Upon the Cross atone.

Alas, how with my actions all
Has this defect entwined !
How has it poisoned with its gall
My spirit, heart, and mind !

Alas ! through this, how many a gem
I've rudely cast away,
That might have formed my diadem
In everlasting day !

Yet though the time be past and gone,
Though little more remains,
Though nought is all that can be done,
E'en with my utmost pains ;

Still will I strive, O Saviour mine,
To do what in me lies ;
For never did Thy glance Divine
A contrite heart despise.

84.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase ;
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the Living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine :
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine.

I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I with troops of pious friends
Thy temple did frequent :

When I advanced with songs of praise
My solemn vows to pay,
And led the joyful sacred throng,
That kept the festal day.

God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn ?
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn ?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him, who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Lent.

85.

OUT of the deep I call
To Thee, O Lord, to Thee ;
Before Thy throne of grace I fall,
Be merciful to me.

Out of the deep I cry,
The woful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame.
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the Precious Name.

Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee ;
Before Thy Throne of grace I bow,
Be merciful to me.

Lent.

86.

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung :
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till Thou inspire my tongue.

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee ;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road ;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode ?

God of my life, be near ;
On Thee my hopes I cast ;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

Lent.

87.

O HELP us, Lord ; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more thy servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Jesu, from on high !
We know no help but Thee ;
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

Lent.

88.

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere the time shall pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.

Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

● Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see Thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardon'd round Thy throne.

89.

I LIFT my heart to Thee,
My God and guide most just ;
Now suffer me to take no shame,
In Thee alone I trust.

Thy mercies manifold,
Remember, Lord, I pray ;
In pity Thou art plentiful,
And so hast been alway.

Remember not the faults
And frailty of my youth ;
Call not to mind how ignorant
I have been of Thy truth.

Nor after my deserts
Let me Thy mercy find ;
But of Thine own benignity,
Lord, have me in Thy mind.

Lent.

90.

LORD, let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date,
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

My life is but a span,
Mine age as nought with Thee ;
E'en in his highest honour, man
Is dust and vanity.

A shadow even in health
Disquieted with pride,
Or racked with care, he heaps up wealth
Which unknown heirs divide.

What seek I now, O Lord ?
My hope is in Thy Name ;
Blot out my sins from Thy record,
Nor give me up to shame.

Dumb at Thy feet I lie,
For Thou hast brought me low ;
Remove Thy judgments, lest I die ;
I faint beneath Thy blow.

At Thy rebuke the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies ;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.

Lent.

Have pity on my fears,
Hearken to my request,
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

A stranger, Lord, with Thee
I walk in pilgrimage,
Where all my fathers once, like me,
Sojourned from age to age.

O spare me yet, I pray ;
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summoned hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

91.

IN the hour of trial,
Jesu, pray for me ;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee :
When Thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or-favour
Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or in darker semblance
Cross-crown'd Calvary.

If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice :
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offer'd up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

Lent.

When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me dying
To eternal life.

92.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Lent.

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, and depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above—
O Lamb of God, I come.

93.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee :
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

When on my aching burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart :
In love remember me.

When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day :
For good remember me.

If on my face for Thy dear name
Shame and reproaches be ;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

And O, when in the hour of death
I own Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me.

94.

OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me ;
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee.
Thee to praise and Thee to know,
This be all our bliss below ;
Thee to see and Thee to love,
This shall be our bliss above.

Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny ;
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows ;
Peace and happiness are Thine ;
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

95.

GIVE ear unto my cry,
Lord, to my prayer attend!
To Thee I call from wide earth's end,
When sorrow's waves swell high.
O set me on the height
Of Thy protecting rock,
For Thou against the foeman's shock
Hast been my tower of might.
Make Thou a home for me
Within Thy temple's ring,
That in the shelter of Thy wing
My confidence may be.
Thou, Lord, hast heard my prayer,
And to the bliss of those
That on Thy name their trust repose,
Thy grace hath made me heir.
Grant me in endless day
Life that shall ever last,
With Thee, when age on age is past,
To live and reign alway.
For ever, Lord, with Thee!
O still for me prepare
Thy faithfulness and loving care,
To shield and succour me.
So to Thy name alway
Will I my praises sing,
To Thee fulfil my vows, and bring
Glad service day by day.

96.

RIDE on, ride on in majesty ;
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry :
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.

Ride on, ride on in majesty ;
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty :
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty :
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on in majesty ;
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain ;
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

97.

WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home ;
And yet I hear a voice that bids me " Come."

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land ?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear ?
Yet there are Hands stretched out to draw me near.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day ;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
" Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

Lent.

Yes, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous Lord,
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward ;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow ;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

Lent.

98.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save ;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

99.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood :
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before His cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His languid eye.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on Thee ;
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveil'd glory see.

100.

TO Christ, the Prince of Peace,
And Son of God most High,
The Father of the world to come,
Sing we with holy joy.

Deep in His heart for us
The wound of love He bore ;
That love, which still He kindles in
The hearts that Him adore.

O Jesu ! Victim blest !
What else but love divine
Could Thee constrain to open thus
That sacred heart of Thine ?

O Fount of endless life,
O Spring of waters clear,
O Flame celestial, cleansing all
That unto Thee draw near.

Hide me in Thy dear heart,
For thither do I fly,
There seek Thy grace through life, in death
Thine immortality.

101.

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God :
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Lent.

102.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone ;
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne ;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

103.

O SACRED Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn !
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn !
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel-hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

I see Thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving Thee of life ;
O agony and dying !
O love to sinners free !
Jesu, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy Face on me.

In this Thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me,
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be :
Beneath Thy Cross abiding,
For ever would I rest ;
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy Presence blest.

104.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from His griefs away ;
• Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd ;
O the wormwood and the gall !
O the pangs His soul sustain'd !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb :
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete.
• It is finish'd, hear Him cry ;
• Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom ;
Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is risen : He meets our eyes ;—
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

105.

BY the Cross, in anguish sighing,
Where her holiest Son hung dying,
 Bathed in tears the mother stood :
Through her heart, with sorrows riven,
Sharp the destined sword was driven,
 Sharp beyond her worst forebode.

Father, hear my supplication,
Through Thy Son's most bitter passion,
 In His wounds some part I crave :
Let me by His cross stand weeping,
Still with Him sad vigil keeping,
 On my pathway to the grave.

There, by His blest Mother bending,
Tears with tears so holy blending,
 Let me in her anguish share :
Let me, every lust denying,
Feel within my Saviour's dying,
 Of His stripes some impress bear !

Jesu, may Thy Cross defend me,
Through Thy death salvation send me,—
 Shield me with Thy grace and love !
When death severs flesh and spirit,
May my soul, through Thee, inherit
 Thy bright Paradise above !

106.

SABBATH of the saints of old,
Day of mysteries manifold,
By the great Creator blest,
Type of His eternal rest ;
Sanctified with thought of Thee
Be the closing week to me.

Resting from His work, the Lord
Spake, to-day, the hallowing word ;
And, His wondrous labours done,
Now the Everlasting Son
Gave to heaven and earth the sign
Of a wonder more divine.

Resting from His work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay,
Once again from head to feet
Swathed, but in the winding-sheet ;
Lying in the rock alone,
Hid behind the sealèd stone.

Lord, with Thee, [till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend :
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around ;
And in patient watch remain,
Till my Lord appear again,

Lent.

Still with Thee their Sabbath keep
They who 'neath the altar sleep ;
Scarce a day perchance doth seem
All their long unbodied dream,
'Twixt their rest from labour past,
And their waking at the last.

Then, the new creation done,
~~Endless~~ rest shall be begun.
Jesu ! keep me safe from sin,
With Thee may I enter in,
And, all fear and toil at end,
To Thy resting-place ascend !

107.

ALL is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts, and fiendish spite :
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night :
Yet once more, to seal His doom,
Christ must sleep within the tomb.

Close and still the cell that holds Him
While in brief repose He lies ;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes :
Slumber, such as needs must be,
After hard-won victory.

Fierce and deadly was the anguish,
Which on yonder Cross He bore ;
How did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of death was o'er !
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

All night long, with plaintive voicing,
Chaunt His requiem soft and low ;
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow :
"Death and hell at length are slain,
"Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign !"

108.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Halleluiah !
Our triumphant holiday ; Halleluiah !
Who so lately on the Cross, Halleluiah !
Suffered to redeem our loss : Halleluiah !

Hymns of praise then let us sing, Halleluiah !
Unto Christ our Heavenly King, Halleluiah !
Who endured the Cross and grave, Halleluiah !
Sinners to redeem and save : Halleluiah !

But the pains which He endured, Halleluiah !
Our salvation have procured : Halleluiah !
Now above the sky He's King, Halleluiah !
Where the angels ever sing Halleluiah !

109.

ALLELUIA !

Finita jam sunt prœlia :

Est parta jam victoria.

Gaudeamus et canamus Alleluia !

Post fata mortis barbara,

Devicit Jesus Tartara ;

Applaudamus et psallamus Alleluia !

Surrexit die tertia

Cœlesti clarus gratia :

Insonemus et cantemus Alleluia !

Sunt clausa Stygis ostia,

Et cœli patent atria ;

Gaudeamus et canamus Alleluia !

O'coronate gloria,

Tua nos morte libera,

Ut vivamus et canamus Alleluia !

110.

THE strife is o'er, the battle done ;
Now is the Victor's triumph won ;
O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia !

Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed ;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluia !

On that third morn He rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign ;
O let us swell the joyful strain,
Alleluia !

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee
Alleluia !

111.

"CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King ;
"Where, O death, is now thy sting ?"
Once He died our souls to save ;
"Where's thy victory, O grave ?"

Hail, thou Lord of earth and heaven ;
Praise to Thee by both be given :
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail, the Resurrection Thou !

112.

O THOU, once laid within the grave,
Thy blessing, Lord, this day we crave,
This hallowed morn, when Thou didst wake,
And death's brief sleep in glory break.

Thou livest, and livest for us, and Thou
Art our anointed Saviour now :
While in Thy sight our voice we raise,
To Thee ascends our song of praise.

And still from heaven Thou, Lord, dost call
In spirit to the hearts of all ;
" My children, peace abide with you !
Yours is my heavenly kingdom too."

O may we ne'er forget Thee, Lord ;
Our hardest task be our reward !
On Thee, our Life, may we rely,
And live to Thee, and in Thee die.

Easter.

113.

CALMED each soul, and closed each door
 'Gainst the world's unholy din,
Tenant of the tomb no more,
 See the Saviour enter in ;
Spirit-like behold Him glide
 'Midst each saintly, wondering guest,
Show His piercèd hands and side,
 Breathe His peace through every breast.

What though years have rolled away,
 Since, triumphant from the tomb,
Jesus, at the close of day,
 Sought that quiet upper room ?
Oft from Sion's heavenly hill
 Seeks He yet His faithful few,
Bides with them in spirit still,
 Shews each glorious wound anew.

Loving Lord, descend, we pray,
 Where Thy fond disciples meet ;
Many a Magdalene to-day
 Fain would her Deliverer greet :
Many a Thomas scarce can dare
 Own Thee for his God and Lord ;
O descend, and chase each care,
 With Thine own Almighty Word.

114.

JESUS lives ! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us ;
Jesus lives ! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of Life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! for us He died :
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! to Him the Throne
Over all the world is given :
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia !

115.

THE happy morn is come ;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save.
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

Who now accuses them
For whom their Surety died ?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified ?
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid ;
The glorious work is done ;
On Him our help is laid ;
By Him our victory won.
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

Hail the triumphant Lord !
The Resurrection Thou !
Hail the incarnate Word !
Before Thy throne we bow.
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

116.

LIFT up, lift up your voices now !
The whole wide world rejoices now !
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously !
The Lord shall reign victoriously !

In vain with stone the cave they barred,
In vain the watch kept ward and guard ;
Majestic from the spoilèd tomb
In pomp of triumph Christ is come !

He binds in chains the ancient foe,
A countless host He frees from woe ;
And heaven's high portal open flies,
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share ;
And hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win.

O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead thro' death to realms of light ;
We safely pass where Thou hast trod,
In Thee we die, to rise to God.

117.

AGAIN the Lord of Life and Light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb !

The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind His soul in death ;
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
With His expiring breath.

And now His conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies ;
While broke beneath His powerful cross
Death's iron sceptre lies.

And still for erring, guilty man
A Brother's pity flows ;
And still His bleeding heart is touched
With memory of our woes,

To Thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give ;
And stand prepared like Thee to die,
That I like Thee may live.

118.

GOD is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high ;
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory !

Now empty are the courts of death,
And crushed thy sting, despair ;
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,
For Jesus hath been there !

And He hath tamed the strength of hell,
And dragged him through the sky,
And captive behind His chariot wheel
He hath bound captivity.

God is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high ;
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory !

119.

O JESU, who art gone before
To Thy blest realm on high,
O bid our spirits thither soar,
And raise them to the sky!

Make us to those delights aspire,
Which spring from love to Thee;
Which pass the carnal heart's desire,
Which faith alone can see.

To guide us to Thy glories, Lord,
To lift us to the sky,
O be Thy Holy Spirit poured
Upon us from on high!

120.

RULER of the hosts of light,
Death hath yielded to Thy might,
And Thy blood hath marked a road,
Which will lead us back to God.

From Thy dwelling-place above,
From Thy Father's home of love,
Guard us still with watchful eye,
Through this vale of misery.

Seated on that glorious throne,
Which Thy mortal travail won,
Now fulfil Thy promise given,
Send the Holy Ghost from heaven.

Praise the Son, who reigns on high,
With the Father, in the sky ;
And the Holy Ghost adore,
One true God, for evermore !

121.

PART I.

HE is gone—beyond the skies,
A cloud receives Him from our eyes ;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angels' flight ;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the Holiest place ;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—and we return,
And our hearts within us burn :
Olivet no more shall greet
With welcome shout His coming feet ;
Never shall we track Him more
On Gennesareth's glistening shore ;
Never in that look or voice
Shall Zion's hill again rejoice.

He is gone—and we remain
In this world of sin and pain ;
In the void which He has left
On this earth, of Him bereft ;
We have still His work to do,
We can still His path pursue ;
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.

Ascension.

He is gone—we heard Him say,
“ Good that I should go away.”
Gone is that dear Form and Face,
But not gone His present grace ;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be—
For His spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

122.

PART II.

HE is gone—towards their goal
World and Church must onwards roll ;
Far behind we leave the past ;
Forwards are our glances cast :
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change :
Wheresoe'er the Truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before ;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us will He prepare :
In that world, unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone—but, not in vain,
Wait, until He comes again :
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere :
Evermore in heart and mind,
Where our peace in Him we find,
To our own eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

123.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise
Ravished from our wishful eyes !
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends His native heaven.

There the glorious triumph waits ;
Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Conqueror over death and sin,
Take the King of Glory in.

Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves ;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

Still for us His death He pleads,
Prevalent He intercedes ;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

There we shall with Thee remain
Partners of Thy endless reign,
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

124.

THE eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are open'd wide,
The King of Glory is gone up,
Unto His Father's side.

Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
And let Thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below,
Our treasure be in Heaven.

That, where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be ;
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

125.

THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppress'd ;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest.

Thou art gone up on high :
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown :
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be ;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

Thou art gone up on high :
But Thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
O by Thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high.

126.

THE High-priest, once a-year,
Went in the Holy Place,
With garments white and clear ;
It was the day of grace.

Without the people stood,
While, unseen and alone,
With incense and with blood
He did for them atone.

So we without abide,
A few short passing years,
While Christ, who for us died,
Before our God appears.

Before His Father there
His Sacrifice He pleads ;
And with unceasing prayer
For us He intercedes.

127.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire :
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart ;
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight ;
Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace ;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One :
That through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song :
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !

128.

COME, Holy Ghost, Eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of peace and love.

Visit our minds, into our hearts
Thy heavenly grace inspire ;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.

Thou art the very Comforter
In grief and all distress ;
The heavenly gift of God most High,
No tongue can it express.

O Holy Ghost, into our minds
Send down Thy heavenly light ;
Kindle our hearts with fervent zeal,
To serve God day and night.

Our weakness strengthen and confirm,
(For, Lord, Thou knowest us frail,)
That neither devil, world, nor flesh,
Against us may prevail.

129.

THOU, who camest from above,
Bringing light, and breathing love,
Teaching us Thy perfect way,
Giving gifts to men to-day,

Thou, who once didst change our state,
Making us regenerate,
Help us evermore to be
Loving children unto Thee.

Where Thou art not, none can do
What is holy, just, and true ;
Those, whose hearts Thy wisdom leads,
Think good thoughts, and do good deeds.

Thou the feeble canst protect,
Thou the wandering canst direct.
We have often grieved Thee sore ;
May we never grieve Thee more !

We are dark—be Thou our light ;
We are blind—be Thou our sight ;
Be our comfort in distress ;
Guide us through life's wilderness.

130.

VENI sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cœlitus
Lucis Tuæ radium.

Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium ;

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium :

In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

O Lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium.

Sine Tuo numine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Whitsuntide.

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium :

Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

Da Tuis fidelibus
In Te confidentibus
Sacrum septenarium ;

Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.

131.

COME, Thou Holy Ghost, we pray,
Send from realms of heavenly day,
All Thy bright enlivening ray!

Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, with gifts that aye endure,
Come, Thou Light of hearts, all-pure!

Comforter, of all the best,
Thou the soul's delightful Guest,
Glad Refreshment, welcome Rest!

Thou, in toil Repose so sweet,
Thou, the Shade in wearying heat,
Thou, in sorrow Comfort meet.

Light, most blessed Light Thou art;
Freely fill, in every part,
All Thy faithful people's heart!

Save through Thine all-powerful will,
Man hath naught, can naught fulfil,
Naught but what is full of ill.

Whitsuntide.

Wash Thou each defiling stain,
Water Thou what needeth rain,
Heal Thou every wound and pain !

Bend the stubborn to Thy sway,
Warm the cold with quickening ray,
Guide the wandering in Thy way !

Give Thou to Thy faithful race,
Who confiding seek Thy face,
All Thy holy sevenfold grace.

Give them virtue's meed, we pray,
Give redemption's perfect day,
Give the joys that live for aye !

132.

SPIRIT of Mercy, Truth, and Love,
O shed Thine influence from above ;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung ;
Through all the listening earth be taught
The deeds our great Redeemer wrought.

Unfailing comfort, heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside ;
Still may mankind Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of Mercy, Truth, and Love.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

133.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind ;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy ;
Make us eternal truths receive
And practise all that we believe ;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name ;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died :
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

134.

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came ;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness, and half flame.

But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning-prime
Hovered His Holy Dove.

The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep dark cloud ;

So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down, His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

Whitsuntide.

It fills the Church of God ; it fills
The sinful world around :
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear :
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

135.

SPIRIT of truth, on this Thy day
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

We ask not, Lord, Thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more :
Enough for us to trace Thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control ;
But Thou in dark temptation's hour
Shalt chase them from the soul.

No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
And bless Thee in our prayer.

When tongues shall cease, and power decay
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.

136.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky
and sea.

Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

137.

FATHER of Heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls has found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

138.

O THOU, whom neither time nor space
Can circle in, unseen, unknown,
Nor faith in boldest flight can trace,
Save through Thy Spirit and Thy Son :

And Thou, who from Thy bright abode,
To us in mortal weakness shown,
Didst graft the manhood into God,
Eternal, Co-eternal Son :

And Thou, whose unction from on high
By comfort, light, and love is known ;
Who, with the Parent Deity,
Dread Spirit ! art for ever One :

Great First and Last ! Thy blessing give,
And grant us faith, Thy gift alone,
To love and praise Thee while we live,
And do whate'er Thou wouldst have done !

Trinity Sunday.

139.

THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights! with morning, shine:
Lift on us Thy Light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sins forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.

Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

140.

WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng.
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning their triumphant song ?
" Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
" Blessing, honour, glory, power,
" Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
" New dominion, every hour ! "

These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great afflictions came ;
Now before the Throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb amidst the Throne
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
Perfect love dispels all fear ;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

141.

WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's Throne who stand ?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band ?
Alleluia ! hark they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness,
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand,
Whence comes all this glorious band ?

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng ;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Victory by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified ;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

Saints' Days.

These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command :
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His Face.

142.

THE Lord's eternal gifts,
The Apostles' mighty praise,
Their victories, and high reward,
Sing we in joyful lays.

Triumphant Chiefs of war,
Heads of the Churches they,
Brave Soldiers of the heavenly Court,
True Lights that shine for aye.

Theirs was the Saints' high faith,
And quenchless hope's pure glow ;
And perfect charity, which laid
The world's fell tyrant low.

In them the Father shone ;
In them the Son o'ercame ;
In them the Holy Spirit wrought,
And filled their hearts with flame.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As was, and is, and shall be so,
Through all Eternity !

143.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar :
Who follows in His train ?

Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train !

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame :

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane ;
They bowed their necks the death to feel :
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain :
O God ! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train !

144.

LO! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints, in countless myriads, stand :
Of every tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.

Through tribulation great they came ;
They bore the cross, despised the shame ;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory bless'd.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more ;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore ;
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

They see the Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace ;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him their loud Hosannas raise :

Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign ;
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

145.

BRIDE of Christ, to whom 'tis given
For thy Lord to strive and die,
Chaunt aloud the song of Heaven,
Sing the triumph of the sky.

Let this festive day, combining
Saints below with Saints above,
Hear them all their voices joining,
Fraught with melody and love.

See the Faithful, all collected,
Happy in their blest abode,
Who the world's vain joys rejected,
For their Saviour and their God!

All with joy their voices raising,
Glory to their God proclaim,
His thrice-mighty power are praising,
Lauding His thrice-holy Name.

Happy Saints! with every blessing,
Every joy your God can give:
O, may we, such joy possessing,
Now in holy union live!

May we ever walk before Him,
Here on earth, in faithful love;
Joined with you, may we adore Him
Glorious in the realms above!

146.

SPOUSE of Christ, in arms contending
O'er each clime beneath the sun,
Mix with prayers for help ascending
Notes of praise for triumphs won.

As the Church to-day rejoices
All her Saints in one to join,
So from earth let all our voices
Rise in melody divine.

John, the Herald-voice sonorous,
More than prophet owned to be ;
Patriarchs and Seers in chorus
Swell the Angelic harmony.

Near to Christ the Apostles seated,
Trampling on the Powers of Hell,
By the promise now completed,
Judge the tribes of Israel.

They who nobly died believing,
Martyrs, purpled with their gore,
Crowns of life by death receiving,
Rest in joy for evermore.

So may we, with hearts devoted,
Serve our God in holiness ;
So may we, by God promoted,
Share the Heaven which they possess.

147.

BLESS'D are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God :
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their king :

• He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the poor in heart.

Lord, we Thy presence seek ;
May ours this blessing be ;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

148.

O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the Cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below:

Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where on the bosom of their God
They rest in perfect love.

Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here;

Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

149.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee ?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

150.

HOW bright those glorious spirits shine,
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light ;
And in the Blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the Throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray ;
God is their Sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb, Who dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

To pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

151.

YE Saints! in blest communion
With Christ the fount of love!
Ye who on earth are toiling,
And ye who rest above :
Unite to sing His praises,
And glorify His grace,
Your blessedness beholding,
The brightness of His face.

For you in all your gladness
We bless and praise the Lord ;
To us in all our sadness
Your tenderness accord ;
Till all, in Christ united,
Are safe around the throne,
His Saints in their communion
Complete in Him alone.

For all Thy Saints in Heaven,
For all Thy Saints on earth,
Elect in one communion,
One in their second birth,
We praise Thee, Blessed Saviour!
And pray for grace that we
May come to joys prepared
Unspeakable in Thee.

152.

MY God, and is Thy Table spread,
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood !
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed ?
Was not for us the victim slain ?
Are we forbid the children's bread ?

O let Thy Table honoured be
And furnished well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes !

Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared,
With hearts inflamed let all attend ;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live ;
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

153.

FORGIVE, O Lord, our wanderings past,
Henceforth we would obey Thy call ;
Our sins far from us may we cast,
And turn to Thee devoutly all :
Then with Archangels we shall sing
High praise to Heaven's Eternal King.

Hear us, O Lord, in mercy hear ;
With sorrow we our guilt deplore :
Pity our grief, and calm our fear,
And give us grace to sin no more :
Then with Archangels we shall sing
High praise to Heaven's Eternal King.

While at Thy Table, Lord, we kneel,
And of Thy holy Rite partake ;
Our pardon there vouchsafe to seal,
For Jesus our Redeemer's sake :
Then with Archangels we shall sing
High praise to Heaven's Eternal King.

154.

BREAD of Heaven ! on Thee we feed ;
To the soul 'tis meat indeed :
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

Rock of Heaven ! Thy vital stream
Drink indeed may we esteem !
He, to whom these waters flow,
Thirst and drought no more shall know.

Lamb of God ! we lift our eyes
To Thy perfect Sacrifice :
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give ;
To Thy Cross we look and live.

Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died,
Lord, our daily drink and food .
Be Thy Body and Thy Blood !

155.

BLEST Jesu, at Thy gracious word,
We break the hallowed bread,
We shew anew Thy death, O Lord,
On Thee by faith we feed.

That cup of blessing blessed by Thee,
Let it Thy Blood impart !
That bread Thy mystic Body be,
And cheer each fainting heart !

Thy grace, which sure salvation brings,
Lord, may we now receive :
Fill Thou the hungry with good things,
Thy hidden manna give.

The living Bread, sent down from Heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be :
Thy Flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by Thee.

Now, Lord, on us Thy Flesh bestow,
And let us drink Thy Blood :
Till all our souls are filled below
With all the life of God.

156.

BLEST Lamb of God ! whose dying love
We now recall to mind ;
O hear us from Thy Throne above,
And let us mercy find.

By all Thine agonizing pain,
Thy cruel woes, we pray,
And by Thy dying love to man,
Cleanse all our guilt away.

Lord ! let Thy Blood, by faith applied,
Our gracious pardon seal ;
Pronounce us freely justified,
And all our sorrows heal.

From sin's dominion set us free ;
Our suppliant souls release ;
Raise all our hearts to think of Thee,
And bless us with Thy peace.

157.

DRAW nigh, and take the Body of the Lord,
And drink the Holy Blood for you outpoured :

Saved by that Body, hallowed by that Blood,
With souls refreshed we render thanks to God.

Salvation's Giver, Christ the only Son,
By His dear Cross and Blood the victory won.

Offered was He for greatest and for least ;
Himself the Victim and Himself the Priest.

He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Giveth His holy grace His Saints to aid.

Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the pledges of Salvation here.

He that His saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields ;

With heavenly Bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsty soul.

Alpha and Omega, to whom shall bow
All nations at the Doom, be with us now !

158.

ON the night of His last Supper,
Seated with His chosen band ;
Christ, the Paschal victim eating,
First fulfils the law's command ;
Then distributes to His brethren
Bread and wine with His own hand.

Faith in Him, to our receiving,
Makes that bread His Flesh to be :
And the wine, our sins relieving,
Blood that flowed upon the tree ;
Though not seeing, yet believing,
Take we the great mystery.

To our bleeding Lord inclining,
In adoring awe we bend :
Ancient forms their place resigning
Unto rites of nobler end :
Faith the senses dark refining,
Christ's own Rite to comprehend.

To the everlasting Father,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost, proceeding
Forth from each eternally,
Be salvation, honour, blessing,
Might and endless majesty !

159.

AND now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's Tree,
And, having with us Him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee
That only offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him ;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim ;
For lo ! between our sins and their reward
We set the passion of Thy Son our Lord.

And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing Presence we appeal ;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,
O do Thine utmost for their soul's true weal ;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

And so we come ; O draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still ;
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill ;
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

Holy Communion.

160.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

Can I Gethsemane forget ?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee ?

When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesu, remember me.

161.

BLESSED Lord, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,
As Thou art so let us be.

Fix, O fix each wavering mind ;
To Thy Cross our spirits bind ;
Earthly passions far remove,
Perfect all our souls in love !

Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery ;
Make us Thine, O Son of God,
Wash us in Thy precious Blood !

Boundless Wisdom, Power divine,
Love unspeakable are Thine ;
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven !

Holy Communion.

162.

LORD, to whom except to Thee
Shall our wandering spirits go ;
Thee whom it is light to see,
And eternal life to know ?

Awful is that life of Thine
Which the Spirit's breath inspires ;
And the food must be divine
Which each new-born soul desires.

Israel on the heavenly seed
Fed and died in days of yore ;
But the souls, that on Thee feed,
Never thirst nor hunger more.

Lord, to whom except to Thee
Shall we go when ills betide ?
Who except Thyself can be
Hope and help and strength and guide ?

Who can cleanse the soul from sin,
Hear the prayer, and seal the vow ?
Who can fill the void within,
Blessèd Saviour, who but Thou ?

Therefore evermore I'll give
Laud and praise, my God, to Thee ;
Evermore in Thee I live,
Evermore live Thou in me.

163.

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts !
Thou Fount of Life ! Thou Light of men !
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in All.

We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay !
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Holy Communion.

164.

HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;
Here faith can touch and handle things unseen ;
Here would I grasp with firmer hand Thy grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven ;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood :
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
The feast, though not the love, is pass'd and gone :
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here—
Nearer than ever—still my shield and sun.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Holy Communion.

165.

O GOD, unseen yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel ;
And, thus inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine Altar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly Food ;
Our meat, the Body of the Lord,
Our drink, His precious Blood.

Thus would we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine,
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

Holy Communion.

166.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead ;

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed ;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Confirmation.

167.

LORD, shall Thy children come to Thee ?
A boon of love divine we seek ;
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,
Ere heart could feel, or tongue could speak,
Thy children pray for grace, that they
May come themselves to Thee to-day.

Lord, shall we come ? and come again ?
Oft as we see yon Table spread,
And, tokens of Thy dying pain,
The wine poured out, the broken bread,
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

Lord, shall we come ? not thus alone
At holy time, or solemn rite ?
But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,
Come to Thy Throne of grace, that we
In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be.

Lord, shall we come ? come yet again ?
Thy children ask one blessing more ;
To come, not now alone, but then,
When life, and death, and time are o'er ;
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Confirmed in Heaven, confirmed by Thee.

168.

THINE for ever ! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above :
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever ! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife ;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever ! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest !
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end !

Thine for ever ! Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever ! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

169.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on ;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray :
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day :

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts pass'd,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

170.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the Heaven.

Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay ;
And, ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower :
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And death descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day :

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb :
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come ?

Funeral.

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for Hell or Heaven!

171.

THOU inevitable day,
When a voice to me shall say,
"Thou must rise and come away ;

" All thine other journeys past,
" Gird thee, and make ready fast,
" For thy longest and thy last !"

Day deep-hidden from our sight,
In impenetrable night,
Who may guess of thee aright ?

Art thou distant, art thou near ?
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear ?
Day with more of hope or fear ?

Wilt thou come, not seen before
Thou art standing at the door,
Saying, " Light and life are o'er ;"

Or with such a gradual pace,
As shall leave me largest space
To regard thee face to face ?

Little reck's it where or how,
If thou comest then or now,
With a smooth or angry brow :

Come thou must, and we must die :
Jesus, Saviour, stand Thou by,
When that last sleep seals mine eye !

172.

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest ?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest ;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, through and through,
In God's most holy sight ?

O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here ;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near ;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, through and through,
In God's most holy sight ?

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore ;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, through and through,
In God's most holy sight ?

173.

HARK ! a voice divides the sky !—
Happy are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who sweetly die :
They from all their toils are freed :
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest ;
Jesus is their great Reward,
Jesus is their endless Rest.

Lo ! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load ;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered unto God !
Lo ! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er ;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

Blessing, honour, thanks, and praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee !
Thou, in Thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory :
True and faithful to Thy word,
Thou hast glorified Thy Son,
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord ;
He for us the fight hath won.

174.

HARK! the song of jubilee—
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore :
Alleluia! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign ;
Alleluia! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Alleluia! hark, the sound
From the centre to the skies
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies !
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed His sword ; He speaks, 'tis done ;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have past away.
Then the end :—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall :
Alleluia! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

175.

SPREAD Thy triumph far and nigh,
Powerful Word of God most high !
Naught beside His Word of might
Makes us meet for realms of light.

Word of Him, whose sovereign Will
Formed the world, and rules it still ;
Who for us hath deigned to send
One the sinner's only Friend :

Word of that Redeemer's Grace,
From whose holy Death we trace,
What the world's deep debt could pay,
What hath washed its guilt away :

Word through Him, the Spirit, given,
Who reveals the way to Heaven ;
In whose strength the holy will
Can its holy deeds fulfil :

Word of Life, so pure and free,
All the nations wait for Thee !
Onward speed ! till 'neath Thy ray
Earth from darkness wakes to day.

Up ! all earth her harvest yields,
Widely wave the ripened fields ;
Small is still the reapers' band,
Full the sheaves in every land.

Missions.

Lord of this wide harvest-soil,
Wake our hearts to needful toil !
May Thy Word's enlightening beam
Bright o'er every nation stream !

176.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name!

Missions.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole :
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign !

Special Occasions.

177.

PSALM CXVII.

SUNG IN THE LATIN SERVICE ON THE FIRST DAY
OF TERM AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

O OMNES gentes undique,
Laudate Dominum ;
Laudate, omnes populi,
Per orbis ambitum.

Nam ingens est hominibus
Illius bonitas ;
Et per æterna secula
Illius veritas.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Honor et gloria,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
Dum current secula.

178.

PSALM CXVII.

A TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING.

O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
To earth's remotest bound ;
O praise ye Him, ye people all,
The spacious globe around.

For aye His goodness unto men
Doth more and more increase ;
Nor e'er His truth, that changeth not,
From age to age shall cease.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory to the Holy Ghost
While endless ages run.

179.

FOR THE FIRST SUNDAY OF THE TERM.

LORD, behold us with Thy blessing,
Once again assembled here ;
Onward be our footsteps pressing,
In Thy love, and faith, and fear :
Still protect us
By Thy Presence ever near !

For Thy mercy we adore Thee,
For this rest upon our way :
Lord, again we bow before Thee,
Speed our labours day by day :
Mind and spirit
With Thy choicest gifts array.

Keep the spell of home-affection
Still alive in every heart ;
May its power, with mild correction,
Draw our love from self apart ;
Till Thy children
Feel that Thou their Father art.

Break temptation's fatal power,
Shielding all with guardian care,
Safe in every careless hour,
Safe from sloth, and sensual snare :
Thou, our Saviour,
Still our failing strength repair !

180.

FOR THE LAST SUNDAY OF THE TERM.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing ;
Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon all, their faults confessing ;
Time that's lost may all retrieve !
May Thy children
Ne'er again Thy Spirit grieve !

Bless Thou all our days of leisure ;
Help us selfish lures to flee ;
Sanctify our every pleasure,
Pure and blameless may it be :
May our gladness
Draw us evermore to Thee !

By Thy kindly influence cherish
All the good we here have gained ;
May all taint of evil perish,
By Thy mightier power restrained :
Seek we ever
Knowledge pure and love unfeigned !

Let Thy Father-hand be shielding
All who here shall meet no more ;
May their seed-time past be yielding
Year by year a richer store !
Those returning
Make more faithful than before !

181.

FOR THE SUNDAY NEAREST TO JUNE XII.*

FATHER, to Thee our life is owing ;
And, when each birth-tide's morn appears,
From Thee our home-delights are flowing,
With all which earthly love endears ;
While joyous faces round us press,
To share and swell our happiness.

Yet purer joys and nobler meetings
Wait on the spirit's natal day ;
While friends above, with angel-greetings,
Welcome its flight from mortal clay ;
And happy souls, redeemed from earth,
Hail one more spirit's hour of birth.

And bright each Sunday morn that shineth,
O Saviour, on Thy Church below :
Yet e'en its holiest bliss declineth
Before the joys Thine Angels know,
Before that glorious Sabbath-rest,
With which Thy Church in Heaven is blest.

* See the Life of Dr. Arnold, Vol. ii. pp. 324-5 of 1st Edition ;
pp. 616-7 of the later editions.

Special Occasions.

E'en thus, full many a gracious blessing
Thou, Lord, hast given to sense and sight ;
And blest is he, these gifts possessing,
Who uses all in Thee aright,
Who owns from Thee such boons divine ;
"Hath seen," and "hath believed" them Thine.

Yet doubly blest, by faith ascending
Beyond the gaze of mortal eye,
Who grasps, on Thy sure Word depending,
Each viewless, great reality,
"Not seen" as yet, not yet received ;
Hath trusted Thee, and "hath believed !"

182.

FOR THE FOUNDER'S COMMEMORATION, OCTOBER XX.

FATHER, hear Thy children's praises
For the boon we own to-day ;
Grateful love our hearts upraises,
This our sacrifice to pay :

Thanks for all Thy mercies given,
Stores of knowledge here unrolled,
Means of grace, and hopes of Heaven,
Unto us, Thy chosen fold !

Lord, Thy servants' spirits turning,
Mould them by Thy gracious sway :
Godliness and all good learning
May we follow, day by day !

May we, these Thy bounties sharing,
Every talent use aright,
Still by earthly lore preparing,
Till our faith be turned to sight :

Till, undimmed by dark reflection,
Face to face shall Christ be shewn ;
Knowledge rise to full perfection,
Knowing e'en as we are known.

183.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts ;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love ;
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.

The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights, the favour'd place
By richest fruits is known.

One name above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

184.

LORD, the heavens declare Thy glory,
Seen throughout their wondrous frame,
And the firmament the story
Of Thy doings doth proclaim :
Day to day the wonder telleth,
Night to night doth utter speech ;
Through all lands the anthem swelleth,
Earth's last bounds the voices reach.

Lord, Thy law, the soul-converting,
Is a doctrine undefiled ;
Constant is Thy truth, imparting
Wisdom to a little child :
Joy is on the heart obeying
Paths of peace and pure commands ;
Light unto the eyes conveying,
Lord, Thy fear for ever stands.

Me to good Thy warning stirreth ;
Fearing Thee, reward I win :
Who can tell how oft he erreth ?
Cleanse me from my secret sin !
Let my bosom's meditation,
Let my words, inspired by Thee,
Lord, my light and my salvation,
In Thy sight accepted be !

185.

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green ;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
“ Our beauties are but for a day.”

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I praised the morn, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky ;
And moon and sun in answer said,
“ Our days of light are numberèd.”

O God, O good beyond compare !
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee !

186.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia!
To the glory of their king
Shall the ransom'd people sing, Alleluia!
And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky, Alleluia!

They through the fields of Paradise that roam,
The blessèd ones, repeat through that bright home,
Alleluia!

The planets glittering on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join and say, Alleluia!
Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia!
Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow;
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing, Alleluia!

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say, Alleluia!
Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again, Alleluia!

Praise.

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous,
Alleluia !

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,
Alleluia !

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry, Alleluia !
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply, Alleluia !

To God, who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid : Alleluia !

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord of all
things loves : Alleluia !

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ
Himself approves : Alleluia !

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,
Alleluia !

And children's voices echo, answer making, Alleluia !

Now from all men be outpour'd
Alleluia to the Lord ;
With Alleluia evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.
Praise be done to the Three in One,
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

187.

MY soul, praise the Lord, speak good of His name ;
O Lord our great God, how dost Thou appear !
So passing in glory, that great is Thy fame ;
Honour and majesty in Thee shine most clear.

With light, as a robe, Thou hast Thyself clad,
Whereby all the earth Thy greatness may see ;
The heaven in such sort Thou also hast spread,
That it to a curtain compared may be.

His chamber-beams lie in the clouds full sure,
Which as His chariot are made Him to bear ;
And there with much swiftness His course doth endure,
Upon the wings riding of winds in the air.

By angels in heaven of every degree,
And saints upon earth, all praise be address
To God in Three Persons, one God ever blest,
As it hath been, now is, and always shall be.

188.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The works of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

189.

WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely stablisht is Thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For Thou; O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in Thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure
Must still in holiness excel.

190.

• LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness;
He hath with a piteous eye
Seen us in our misery;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
Let us therefore warble forth
His great majesty and worth;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

191.

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame ;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing His praise.

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay.
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came ;
And all shall last
From changes free ;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

192.

WE thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea,
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from Thee.

Thanks for the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

So while we gaze, with thoughtful eye,
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

193.

LORD, we thank Thee for the pleasure
That our happy lifetime gives,
The inestimable treasure
Of a soul that ever lives ;
Mind that looks before and after,
Yearning for its home above,
Human tears, and human laughter,
And the depth of human love ;

For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
Of our pulses flowing free :
E'en for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer Thee ;
But above all other kindness,
Thine unutterable love,
Which, to heal our sin and blindness,
Sent Thy dear Son from above.

Teach us so our days to number,
That we may be early wise ;
Dreamy mist, or cloud of slumber,
Never dull our heavenward eyes ;
Hearty be our work, and willing,
As to Thee, and not to men,
For we know our soul's fulfilling
Is in heaven ;—not till then.

194.

PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore Him ;
Praise Him, angels, in the height :
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him ;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light !
Praise the Lord ! for He hath spoken ;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed :
Laws, that never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;
Never shall His promise fail :
God hath made His saints victorious ;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim ;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name !

195.

GOD the Lord a King remaineth,
Robed in His own glorious Light ;
God hath robed Him, and He reigneth :
He hath girded Him with might.
Halleluiah !
God is King in depth and height.

In her everlasting station
Earth is poised, to swerve no more ;
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation,
From all time where thought can soar.
Halleluiah !
Lord, Thou art for evermore.

Lord, the water-floods have lifted,—
Ocean-floods have lift their roar,
Now they pause where they have drifted,
Now they burst upon the shore :
Halleluiah !
For the ocean's sounding store.

With all tones of waters blending,
Glorious is the breaking deep,
Glorious, beauteous, without ending,
God who reigns on heaven's high steep.
Halleluiah !
Songs of ocean never sleep.

Praise.

Lord, the words Thy lips are telling
Are the perfect verity :
Of Thine high eternal dwelling
Holiness shall inmate be.
Halleluiah !
Pure is all that lives with Thee.

196.

PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love.
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth ;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore !

Praise the Lord, His mercies trace !
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son :
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts ;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore !

197.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;
To His feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise shall sing ?
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless :
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like He tends and spares us ;
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes :
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore Him,
Ye behold Him face to face ;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him ;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

198.

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

199.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make :
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise ;
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always ;
For it is seemly so to do.

For why, the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

200.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

201.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name,
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance He affords to all
That in His succour trust.

O taste the goodness of the Lord,
His loving kindness see :
How blest the man who trusts on Him,—
And only blest is he !

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

202.

WE love Thee, Lord! yet not alone, because Thy
bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts on ocean and
on land;
For these Thy gifts, we praise Thee, Lord, yet not for
these alone,
The incense of Thy children's love arises to Thy throne.

We love Thee, Lord! because when we had erred and
gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls into the heaven-
ward way;
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost in sin and sorrow's
night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray of Thy benignant
light.

Because when we forsook Thy ways, nor kept Thy holy
will,
Thou wert not an avenging Judge, but a gracious Father
still:
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord, but Thou hast not
forgot—
Because we have forsaken Thee, but Thou forsakest not.

Praise.

Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us with everlasting love ;
Because Thou gav'st Thy Son to die that we might live
above ;
Because, when we were heirs of wrath, Thou gav'st the
hopes of heaven ;
We love because we much have sinned, and much have
been forgiven.

203.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flow'd.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For O ! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

204.

MY shepherd is the living Lord,
Nothing therefore I need ;
In pastures fair, by waters calm,
He setteth me to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For His most holy name.

Yea, though I walk through vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill ;
Thy rod and staff they comfort me,
And Thou art with me still.

Through all my life Thy favour is
So frankly shewn to me,
That in Thy house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

205.

O GOD, Thou art my God alone ;
Early to Thee my soul shall cry ;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

Thee in the watches of the night
Will I remember on my bed ;
Thy presence makes the darkness light :
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared to Thee ?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all Thy mercy I will give ;
My soul shall still in God rejoice ;
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

206.

ROUND the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and seraphim
Fill'd His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn.
"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with thy fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High."
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow :

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."
Thus Thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt Thy angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of hosts most High.

207.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the Throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

“Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
“To be exalted thus !”
“Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
“For He was slain for us !”

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine,
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb !

208.

COME, let us join our friends above
Who have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One church, above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.

O that we now might grasp our guide ;
O that the word were given !
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

209.

GOD is King ;—the nations quiver ;
Cherub-throned ;—the wide earth cowers :
God in Sion, great for ever,
High o'er mortal thrones and towers ;
High and dreadful
Own ye this great God of ours.

Praise the Lord our God, and lowly
At the footstool of His feet
Fall ye down, for He is holy :
Who to call on God are meet ?
Whose deep sighing
Will His answering mercy greet ?

Moses, Aaron His anointed,
'Mid His chosen priests and dear ;
Samuel, whom His love appointed
Chief of hearts that own Him near :—
These have called Him,
Called the Lord, and He gave ear.

From His pillared cloud of brightness
Gently spake He when they wept ;
For in trust and heart's uprightness
All His love and law they kept.
God our Saviour !
Thy kind answer never slept.

Praise.

Thou wast yet their God forgiving,
While their doings earned Thy rod.
Praise our Lord, the everlasting,
Toward the mount of His abode
Humbly falling,
Holy is the Lord our God.

210.

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His throne above :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail !
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
To Christ, the Lord, are given ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Rejoice in glorious hope ;
The Saviour soon will come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice ;
The trump of God shall sound, " Rejoice."

211.

JESUS, Lord, to Thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only Thou ;
Thou the blessed Virgin's Seed,
Glory of Thy Church and Head.

Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest, our King :
Worthy is Thy name of praise ;
Full of glory, full of grace.

Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by Thee wrought ;
Wrought for all Thy Church ; and we
Worship in their company.

We, Thy little flock, adore
Thee, the Lord, for evermore :
Ever with us show Thy love,
Till we join Thy saints above !

212.

YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name ;
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save ;
And still He is nigh,
His presence we have ;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

Then let us adore
And give Him His right,
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

213.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led Captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here by faith and love
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

214.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown His head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns :
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again ;
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

215.

MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

216.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief :
He saw, and O, amazing love !
He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled ;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

O, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak !

Angels, assist our mighty joys ;
Strike all your harps of gold !
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

217.

O YE who love the Lord,
And feel His quickening power,
Unite with one accord
His goodness to adore ;
To heaven and earth aloud proclaim
Your great Redeemer's glorious name.

He left His throne above,
His glory laid aside,
Came down on wings of love,
And wept, and bled, and died :
The pangs He bore what tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell ?

He burst the grave ; He rose
Victorious from the dead,
And thence His vanquished foes
In glorious triumph led :
Up through the heavens the Conqueror rode,
Triumphant to the throne of God.

He soon again will come—
His chariot will not stay—
To take His children home,
To realms of endless day ;
We there shall see Him face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace.

218.

O WORSHIP the King,
All glorious above ;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love ;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendour,
And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light ;
Whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender !
How firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer and Friend.

Praise.

O measureless Might,
Ineffable love :
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
Thy ransomed creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration,
Shall sing to Thy praise.

219.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise
When our Salvation's Rock we praise,

Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favours past;
To Him address in joyful songs
The praise that to His name belongs.

The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command;
The strength of hills that reach the skies
Subjected to His empire lies.

The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sov'reign right is His;
Tis moved by His Almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land,

O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

220.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing :
In our great Creator
Let Israel rejoice ;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

Let them His great name
Extol in the dance !
With timbrel and harp
His praises express :
Who always takes pleasure
His Saints to advance,
And with His Salvation
The humble to bless.

By angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth
All praise be addrest
To God in Three Persons
One God ever blest ;
As it has been, now is,
And ever shall be.

221.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast :
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels, how divine !

And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart ;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wish'd below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

222.

O PRAISE the Lord, O praise Him,
Within His holy seat ;
In all His glories praise Him,
And His great acts repeat.

As He excelleth, praise Him,
With trumpet and with lute ;
Upon the psaltery praise Him ;
Nor let the harp be mute.

Upon the timbrel praise Him,
In song your praises bring ;
And on the organ praise Him,
And on each tuneful string,

On well-tuned cymbals praise Him,
On cymbals clear and loud :
Let every creature praise Him,
With breath of life endowed.

O praise the Lord, O praise Him,
The Father, Spirit, Son ;
In heaven, on earth, O praise Him,
While endless ages run.

223.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice ;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

O ! for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, inspire our minds,
And wing to Heaven our thought !

God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours :
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

Stand up, and bless the Lord ;
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name,
Now and for evermore.

224.

LO! God is here! Let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face;
Who know His power, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

Lo! God is here! Him day and night
United quires of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue!

Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone:
To Thee our will, soul, flesh we give;
O take, O seal them for Thine own!
Thou art the God! Thou art the Lord!
Be Thou by all Thy works adored!

Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will;
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!

225.

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, shewest
The brightness of Thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they,
Who in Thy temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display.

Thrice happy they, whose choice has Thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to Thy dwelling lead.

Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near;
Till all on Zion's holy mount
Before their God appear.

226.

WE love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells ;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

It is the House of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet ;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

We love the Word of Life,
The Word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

We love to sing below
For mercies freely given ;
But O ! we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.

Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy Face,
And with Thy saints adore.

227.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights !

In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning has begun :
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, I am His.

228.

HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, mine End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

229.

SAVIOUR, Source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to hallowed lays ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
Teach me some melodious measure
Sung by raptured saints above ;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I celebrate Thy love.

Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
And, to rescue me from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood ;
Safe thus far, by Thee defended,
In my stage of life I'm come ;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

230.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou !
How glorious is Thy name !

In heaven Thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckoned there ;
And yet Thou makest the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

Through Thee the weak confound the strong,
And crush their haughty foes ;
And so Thou quellest the wicked throng,
That Thee and Thine oppose.

O Thou to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou !
How glorious is Thy name !

231.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

The mighty deeds our Lord hath wrought,
Who may conceive, in words or thought ?
Or who his song so high can raise,
To shew forth meetly all His praise ?

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford ;
When Thou returnest to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity ;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count Thy people's triumph mine.

232.

O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee ;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity :

My God, my rock in whom I trust,
The worker of my wealth,
My refuge, buckler, and my shield,
The horn of all my health.

I when beset with pain and grief
Did pray to God for grace :
And He forthwith did hear my plaint
Out of His holy place.

The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens on high :
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky ;

On Cherubim and Seraphim
Full royally He rode ;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

233.

JESU, my Lord; my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace;
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

234.

GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky :
Peace on earth to man forgiven ;
Man the well-beloved of heaven.

Hail by all Thy works adored !
Hail, the everlasting Lord !
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
God of power and God of love.

Christ our Lord and God we own ;
Christ the Father's only Son ;
Lamb of God for sinners slain ;
Saviour of offending man.

Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by Thy blood :
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, our soul's Atonement Thou !

Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,
Art with Thy great Father One ;
One the Holy Ghost with Thee,
One Supreme Eternal Three.

235.

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face :
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with life divine ;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

Let Thy people praise Thee, Lord,
Be by all that live adored :
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

236.

NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee,
For Thou hast always been my Rock,
A Fortress and Defence to me.

Thou my Deliverer art, my God,
My trust is in Thy mighty power ;
Thou art my Shield from foes abroad,
At home my Safeguard and my Tower.

Let the eternal Lord be praised,
The Rock on whose defence I rest ;
O'er highest heavens His Name be raised,
Who me with His salvation blest.

Therefore to celebrate His fame
My grateful voice to heaven I'll raise,
And nations, strangers to His Name,
Shall thus be taught to sing His praise.

For General Use.

237.

SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise,
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise.

For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His name, for it is fair.

For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His Name, for it is true.

For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His name, for it is joy.

For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure on high,
That inner life, which over this,
Shall ever shine, and never die.

For He is Lord of Heaven and earth,
Whom Angels serve and Saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

238.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are !
Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns and triumphs here.

How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !

How blessèd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad :
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

239.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portion'd out for me ;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see :
But I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

Prayer.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be ;
I would have my spirit fill'd the more
With grateful love to Thee ;
More careful,—not to serve Thee much,—
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path
That call for patient care,
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer ;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me,
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free ;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

For General Use.

240.

BE Thou my Guardian and my Guide,
And hear me when I call ;
Let not my slippery footsteps slide ;
And hold me lest I fall.

The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell
Around the path I tread ;
O, save me from the snares of hell,
Thou Quickener of the dead.

And if I tempted am to sin,
And outward things are strong,
Do Thou, O Lord, keep watch within,
And save my soul from wrong.

Still let me ever watch and pray,
And feel that I am frail ;
That if the tempter cross my way,
Yet he may not prevail.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

241.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee ;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
All our weakness Thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy :
Thus provided,
Pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

242.

GUIDE me, O Thou Great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand ;
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal Fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow :
Let the fiery, cloudy, pillar
Lead me all my journey through ;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside :
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

Prayer.

243.

O GOD of Bethel! by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
Our heavenly food provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

244.

O THOU, who hast at Thy command
The hearts of all men in Thy hand,
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but Thine.

Our wishes, our desires control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be,
That stands between ourselves and Thee.

Twice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to Thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

Yet may we feeble, weak, and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail;
Thy word our safety from alarm,
Our strength Thine everlasting arm.

245.

LORD, who once from heaven descending,
Lost mankind didst seek and save,
Us in our distress befriending,
Grant the succour which we crave :
From a sinful world we flee,
Shepherd of our souls, to Thee.

From the arts which would allure us,
From the toils that would ensnare,
Thou, who slumberest not, secure us,
By Thy ever-watchful care ;
And if e'er from Thee we roam,
Fetch, O fetch the wanderers home !

And at last, our perils ended,
Take us to that blessed fold,
Where the flock, Thou here hast tended,
Shall in heaven Thy face behold,
And with songs of praise adore
Christ their Shepherd evermore.

246.

LUKE xxii. 61.

MY Lord, my God! If fear or shame
Drive from my lips Thy praise divine;
If, when a cold world scorns Thy name,
I stand not forth to own Thee mine;
If faithless doubts my soul assail,
Or sins have made me false to Thee;
As once on Thy disciple frail,
So turn, dear Lord, and look on me.

Cast but one kind reproachful look,
And make me all the past recall,
Thy love that never me forsook,
Thy grace that would not let me fall,
Thy life that taught me how to live,
Thy death that conquered death for me,
—O Lord, my wanderings past forgive!
From such a friend no more I flee!

O, let me feel Thee watching still,
With eyes that slumber not nor sleep;
From every step in paths of ill
That look shall call me back to weep.
Look ever on me, till I come
Where I no more can fall from Thee;
Then in the heavenly Father's home
With Thy salvation look on me.

247.

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher infinite,
Jesu, hear and save.

Who, when sin's primeval doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a virgin's womb,
Jesu, hear and save.

Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesu, hear and save.

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings.
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesu, hear and save.

Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesu, hear and save.

For General Use.

248.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly,
Forth from the world, its hope and fear ;
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here ;
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray ;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away !

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain :
Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost ;
Lo ! at Thy feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away !

Prayer.

249.

TO bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine.

That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known ;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine,
To praise Thy glorious name.

O let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth :
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessing shower ;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power.

250.

LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
Like the Saviour we shall be—
Clothèd with humility ;

Simple, teachable, and mild,
Humble as a little child ;
Pleased with what the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

Father, fix our souls on Thee ;
Every evil let us flee ;
Always happy in Thy love,
Looking for our rest above.

All that seek will surely find
Every good in Christ combined ;
O, let Christians still adore,
Trust, and praise Him evermore !

251.

LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for Heaven.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to Heaven !

For General Use.

252.

JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love ;
Draw us, holy Jesus !
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

253.

O THOU, who camest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for Thy glory burn
Unquench'd, undimm'd in darkest days,
And trembling to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesu, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for Thee ;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me :

Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat ;
Till death Thy endless mercy seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

254.

ETERNAL Beam of Light Divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above :

Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear ;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

Thankful I take the cup from Thee,
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill :
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh !
So shall each murmuring thought be gone ;
And grief, and fear, and care, shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

Speak to my warring passions, " Peace " !
Say to my trembling heart, " Be still " !—
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won ;
Alone Thou hast the wine-press trod :
In me Thy strengthening grace be shown :
O may I conquer through Thy blood !

255.

JESUS! Thy boundless love to me,
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there;
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am;
Lord, with Thy Love my heart inflame!

O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone:
O may Thy Love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
All coldness from my heart remove,
May every act, word, thought, be love.

O Love! how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise;
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

In suffering, be Thy Love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy Love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that tremendous hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
And save me, Who for me hast died.

256.

HOW shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free ?
By making still their course of life
With God's commands agree.

With hearty zeal for Thee I seek,
To Thee for succour pray ;
Lord, suffer not my careless steps
From Thy right paths to stray !

Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies ;
To succour me with timely aid
When sinful thoughts arise.

Secured by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless Thy name ;
O, teach me then by Thy just laws
My future life to frame !

257.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done!

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine—
Thy will be done!

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest—
Thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

258.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away !
O for the pearly gates of heaven !
O for the golden floor !
O for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore !

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint !
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !
O for a heart that never sins,
And raiment spotless white !
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night !

Here, faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher ;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord !
O by Thy life laid down !
O that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.

259.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free :
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me !

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone :

A lowly, humble, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within :

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine !

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

260.

O FOR a 'closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame !
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word ?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest :
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Prayer.

261.

LORD, when we bend before Thy Throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirit pitying see ;
True penitence impart ;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

262.

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of Heaven, to earth come down ;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded Love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy Salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish, then, Thy new Creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be ;
Let us see Thy great Salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee ;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in Heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

263.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art,
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee ?
My thirsty spirit faints to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

Stronger His love than death and hell,
Its wealth not even ye can tell,
Ye first-born sons of light !
In vain ye long its depths to see ;
Ye cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart :
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet ;
Be this my happy choice :
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

264.

GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear ;
Thy presence now display :
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell :
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart, bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow.

265.

FATHER of mercies ! let our ways
With Thee acceptance find ;
Thy loving kindness we confess,
To us, and all mankind.

Thanks for Creation are Thy due,
For life preserved by Thee ;
And all the blessings life affords,
So great, and yet so free.

Thanks for Redemption above all
To us in Jesus given ;
Thanks for the means of grace on earth,
And for the hope of heaven.

O let a sense of this Thy Grace
Our best affections move :
That while our lips Thy praise proclaim,
Our hearts may feel Thy love !

266.

LORD, enrich us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us
Travelling through this wilderness!

Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy Salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy Presence
Evermore with us be found!

So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day!

267.

THRICE holy God, of wondrous might,
O Trinity of Love divine,
Reveal Thyself in cloudless light,
Into Thy servants' spirit shine :

Creator Thou of earth and heaven,
Thou Saviour of our sinful race,
Thou Comforter, by whom are given
Those glorious sevenfold gifts of grace !

Father, may we Thy laws fulfil,
Blest Son, may we Thy precepts learn ;
And Thou, good Spirit, guide our will,
Our hearts by Thy pure influence turn !

Yea, Father, may Thy will be done,
And may we thus Thy Name adore,
In union with Thy blessed Son,
And Holy Ghost for evermore !

268.

FULFIL Thy promise, gracious Lord,
On us assembled here ;
Put forth Thy Spirit with the word,
And cause the dead to hear.

By faith in Thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before ;
And he, who in Thy name believes,
Shall live, to die no more.

Preserve the power of faith alive
In those that love Thy name ;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free ;
And often since our life had failed,
Unless renewed by Thee.

To Thee we look, to Thee we bow,
To Thee for help we call ;
Our Life, and Resurrection Thou,
Our Hope, our Joy, our All !

269.

THY kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O Christ, begin ;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love ?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above ?

When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust and crime
Shall flee Thy face before ?

We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might ;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet :
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

270.

LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaieth,
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging,
Send us, O Saviour.

Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

271.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up, and lying down :
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways :
Thou knowest all my lips would vent,
My yet unuttered words intent.

Surrounded by Thy power I stand,
On every side I feel Thy hand :
O skill for human reach too high ;
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

Search, prove, O Lord, my thoughts and heart,
If sin yet lurk in any part ;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in Thy perfect way.

272.

JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,
Let us in Thy Name agree ;
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace ;
Bid all strife for ever cease.

By Thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove ;
Each to each unite, endear ;
Come, and spread Thy banner here !

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,
Each his brother's burden bear ;
To the world a pattern give,
Show how Christ's disciples live.

Take us to Thy home above,
Purified by faith and love ;
May we in our life's last hour
Feel Thy peace, Thy grace, Thy power.

273.

O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
’Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh,
’Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish’d from Thy face,
And evermore undone.
Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

274.

IN the time of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

Prayer.

275.

O LORD, Thou knowest all the snares
That round our pathway be ;
Thou know'st that both our joys and cares
Come between us and Thee ;
Thou know'st that our infirmity
In Thee alone is strong :
To Thee for help and strength we fly ;
O let us not go wrong.

O bear us up, protect us now
In dark temptation's hour ;
For Thou wast born of woman, Thou
Hast felt the tempter's power :
All sinless, Thou canst feel for those
Who strive and suffer long ;
But O 'midst all our cares and woes
Still let us not go wrong.

276.

LORD of power, Lord of might,
God and Father of us all,
Lord of day and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call :
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

Light and love and life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good,
Fill our souls with Light Divine,
Give us with our daily food
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Blessings rich for evermore.

Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy name,
Bid us ere the day departs
Spread afar our Maker's fame :
Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

Full of love and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest ;
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of eternal love,
Call us to our home above !

277.

WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run ;—
Father, grant Thy wearied one—
Rest for evermore !

When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled—
Peace for evermore !

When the darkness melts away,
At the breaking of Thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray ;—
Light for evermore !

When our hearts by sorrow tried,
Feel at length their throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried ;—
Joy for evermore !

When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn—
Love for evermore !

When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim his own,
Lord of Life ! be ours Thy crown—
Life for evermore !

278.

GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night :
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray too for those that hate thee,
If any such there be :
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

But if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,—
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way ;
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
Shall reach His throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love.

Prayer.

O, not a joy or blessing,
With this can we compare,
The power that He hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer.
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall :
Remember in thy gladness
His love who gave thee all.

279.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

280.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
 Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
 Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

281.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps He leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still !
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

282.

TO Sion's hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid ;
From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.

Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy Guardian will not sleep ;
His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will Israel's monarch keep.

Sheltered beneath the Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

From common accidents of life
His care shall guard thee still ;
From the blind strokes of chance, and foes
That lie in wait to kill.

At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend ;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

283.

BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.

O Thou, our soul's chief hope,
We to Thy mercy fly ;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign ;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee ;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

284.

BLEST is the man, who walks with God,
Of worldly counsels ware,
Stands not in sinner's devious road,
Nor sits in scorner's chair ;

But in the Lord's own word and way
Is ever his delight ;
The cloud that guides him day by day,
The pillared fire by night.

His works shall prosper, like the tree,
By living waters fed,
Which bears aloft unfadingly
Its fair and fruitful head.

No state like this the ungodly know,
Their joy may never last ;
Like to the chaff, which to and fro
Is scattered by the blast.

So in the awful day of doom
The godless shall not stand ;
Nor wicked men with saints find room,
Secure at God's right hand.

The sinner's way must end in wrath ;
But God hath seen and known,
In life and death, His people's path,
And He will save His own.

285.

Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.

A TOWER of strength our God doth stand,
A Shield and sure Defender :
True help from all our woes His hand
Through life doth freely render.
Our foe hath fixed his purpose fell ;
With might and craft he's armed full well ;
Naught earthly can resist him.

Full soon we're lost, and vanquished quite,
Our strength hath naught effected :
Yet He for us maintains the fight,
Whom God Himself selected.
Ask ye His name ? 'tis Christ our Lord,
The God of Hosts alone adored,
Our Champion—none dare brave Him.

Should hell's whole legions round us press,
All banded to devour us,
Yet this should work us good success,
Nor fear e'en then o'erpower us :
Though this world's Prince look fierce and bold,
It matters not, his doom is told,
A single word can foil him.

Faith.

Our foes must let the Word stand sure ;
 (No thanks for this they're reaping ;))
God's Spirit, in His way secure,
 God's grace our souls is keeping :
Those foes may spoil all earthly bliss ;
Let be !—they'll win no gain from this ;
 God's kingdom still is left us.

286.

UP to those bright and gladsome hills,
Whence all my help is given,
I look and sigh for Him who fills,
Unseen, both earth and heaven.

He is alone my help and hope,
That I shall not be moved ;
His watchful eye is ever ope,
And guardeth His beloved.

The glorious God is my sole stay,
He is my sun and shade :
The cold by night, the heat by day,
Neither shall me invade.

He keeps me safe from every ill,
Doth all my foes control :
He is a shield, and shelter still,
Unto my very soul.

Whether abroad, amidst the crowd,
Or else within my door,
He is my pillar and my cloud,
Now and for evermore.

287.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure :
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

288.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best :
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine ; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine ;
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem ;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all !

289.

HOW blest are they whose hearts are pure,
From guile their spirits free ;
To them shall God Himself reveal,
His Glory they shall see.

Their simple souls upon His Word,
In fullest light of love,
Place all their trust, and ask no more
Than guidance from above.

They who in faith, unmixed with doubt,
The engrafted Word receive,
Whom the first sign of Heavenly Power
Persuades and they believe,

They, as they walk this painful world,
See hidden glories rise ;
Our God the sunshine of His Love
Unfolds before their eyes.

For them far greater things than these
Does Christ the Lord prepare,
Whose bliss no heart of man can reach,
No human voice declare.

290.

THE Christian's path shines more and more,
From morn to perfect day ;
Yet darkening storms will rise the while,
And hide the cheering ray ;
Though clouds may dim faith's heavenward flight,
At evening time it shall be light.

When comforts fail, and friends are few,
And griefs his path surround ;
Though all is dark without, within
A heavenly light is found.
No change of scene his peace can blight,
At evening time it shall be light.

'Tis good at times that pilgrim-saints,
For but a moment's space,
Should feel that God, in wrath at sin,
Can hide His smiling face ;
Behind that veil the Sun shines bright,
At evening time it shall be light.

At evening time it shall be light ;
So runs the promise dear,
To cheer the pilgrim's fainting heart,
When death's dark hour draws near ;
E'en 'midst the gloom of nature's night,
At evening time it shall be light.

291.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain :
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

292.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation ;
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade :
In His sacred habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismay'd.
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence :
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
Though a thousand feel the blow ;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

If with pure and firm affection
Thou on God hast set thy love ;
With the wings of His protection,
He will shield thee from above :
Thou shalt call when griefs oppress thee ;
He will hearken, He will save ;
Here with special favour bless thee,
Give thee life beyond the grave.

293.

OUR bless'd Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd
With us to dwell,

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see ;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee.

294.

O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest ;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturb'd by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms ;
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine almighty arms !

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
Even while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lighten'd cheer ;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famish'd raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

We cannot trust Him as we should ;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away ;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

Faith.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
 Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
 Even in affliction, peace.

295.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands,

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely ;
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

Give to the winds Thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord
Our hearts are known to Thee ;
O, lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !

Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

296.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

297.

JESU, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and opprest ;
I come to cast myself on Thee :
Thou art my Rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length,
Thine aid omnipotent I seek :
Thou art my Strength.

I am bewildered on my way ;
Dark and tempestuous is the night ;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray :
Thou art my Light.

I hear the storms around me rise,
But when I dread the impending shock,
My spirit to the refuge flies :
Thou art my Rock.

When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee—my terrors cease ;
Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts :
Thou art my Peace.

Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall ;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

298.

THOU art the Way ; by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee :
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth ; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

299.

"CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy guardian angel say ;
Thou art in the midst of foes ;
" Watch and pray."

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours :
" Watch and pray."

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day ;
Ambushed lies the evil one ;
" Watch and pray."

Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
Still they mark each warrior's way ;
All with one sweet voice exclaim
" Watch and pray."

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His word,
" Watch and pray."

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, that help may be sent down ;
" Watch and pray."

Faith.

300.

TO Thee, O loving Saviour! our spirits turn for rest,
Our peace is in Thy favour, our hearts in Thee are blest.
Though all the world deceive us, we know that Thou art near,
For Thou wilt never leave us, O Christ, our Saviour dear.

In Thee our trust abideth, on Thee our hopes rely,
O Thou whose love provideth for all beneath the sky.
Our joy is in Thy beauty of holiness divine,
Our comfort in the duty that binds our life in Thine.

O for true hearts to love Thee, more dearly as we ought,
And nothing place above Thee in word, or deed, or thought.
O for that choicest blessing of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing the peace of Heaven above.

All praise to God, Who loves us, to Christ, Whom we adore,
To Father, Son, and Spirit, be praise for evermore.

301.

STRIVE, when thou art called of God,
When He draws thee by His grace,
Strive to cast away the load
That would clog thee in the race!

Fight, though it may cost thy life,
Storm the kingdom, but prevail;
Let not Satan's fiercest strife
Make thee, warrior, faint or quail.

Wrestle with strong prayers and cries,
Think no time too much to spend,
Though the night be passed in sighs,
Though all day thy voice ascend.

Art thou faithful? then oppose
Sin and wrong with all thy might;
Care not how the tempest blows,
Only care to win the fight.

Art thou faithful? wake and watch,
Love with all thy heart Christ's ways;
Seek not transient ease to snatch,
Look not for reward or praise.

Soldiers of the Cross, be strong,
Watch and war 'mid fear and pain,
Daily conquering woe and wrong,
Till our King o'er earth shall reign.

302.

TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou would'st My disciple be ;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.

Take up thy cross ; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame ;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel :
Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up thy cross then in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave ;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

To Thee, great Lord, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend ;
O grant us in our home to see
The heavenly life that knows no end.

303.

LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth ;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted ?

Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living ;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying !

O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee !

304.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care :
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there :

O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest !
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown :

The God whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known :
And they who see and know Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His Grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

305.

GLORIOUS things of Thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God :
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode :
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

Blest are all in thee abiding,
Washed from sin through Jesu's blood :
He, within their hearts residing,
Makes them kings and priests to God :
'Tis His power His people raises,
Over self to reign as kings ;
And, as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

Saviour, if in Zion's city
I, through grace, a portion claim,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
Human pomp and earthly show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

306.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

He, who for men their Surety stood,
And pour'd on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

In every pang, that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known ;
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

307.

WE saw Thee not, when Thou didst tread,
O Saviour, this our sinful earth ;
Nor heard Thy Voice restore the dead,
And wake them to a second birth :
But we believe that Thou didst come,
And quit for us Thy glorious home.

We were not with the faithful few,
Who stood Thy bitter cross around,
Nor heard the prayer for those who slew,
Nor felt that earthquake rock the ground ;
We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy Side ;
Yet we believe that Thou hast died.

No Angel's message met our ear
On that first glorious Easter-day ;
"The Lord is risen, He is not here ;
"Come, see the place where Jesus lay !"
But we believe that Thou didst quell
The banded powers of Death and Hell.

We saw Thee not return on high ;
And now, our longing sight to bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Shines down upon our wilderness :
Yet we believe that Thou art there,
And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

Faith.

308.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

309.

WHO follows Christ whate'er betide,
Is worthy of a soldier's name;
Is He thy Way, thy Light, thy Guide?
'Tis meet thou also bear His shame:
Who shrinks from dark Gethsemane,
Shall Tabor's glories never see.

What profits it that Christ hath deigned
Our mortal form and flesh to wear,
If we ourselves have ne'er attained
His image formed in us to bear?
The pure and virgin soul alone
He chooseth for His earthly throne.

What profits it that Christ is born,
And bringeth childhood back to men,
Unless our long-lost right we mourn,
And win through penitence again,
And lead a God-like life on earth,
As children of the second birth?

What profits it that He is risen,
If dead in sins thou yet dost lie?
If yet thou cleavest to thy prison,
What profit that He dwells on high?
His triumph will avail thee naught,
If thou hast ne'er the battle fought.

Faith.

Then live and suffer, do and bear,
As Christ, thy pattern, here hath done ;
And seek His innocence to wear,
That He may count thee of His own.
Who loveth Christ, cares but to win
New triumphs o'er the world of sin.

310.

O LOVE, Who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here ;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who e'er life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid ;
O Love, Who here as Man wast born,
And like to us in all things made ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe ;
O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead ;
O Love, Who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

Faith.

O Love, Who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours ;
O Love, Who once above yon skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

311.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee ;
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Faith.

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

And when on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

312.

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head.
O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men :
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.

The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,
What are they but His heralds
To lead you to His sight ?
What are they save the radiance
Of uncreated Light.

The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,
What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth ?

Faith.

The Cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due :
The Crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.
O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

313.

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O ! what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never ;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

314.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

"STAY, master, stay upon this heavenly hill ;
A little longer let us linger still ;
With these two mighty ones of old beside,
Near to the awful Presence still abide :
Before the throne of light we trembling stand,
And catch a glimpse into the spirit-land.

Stay, master, stay ! we breathe a purer air ;
This life is not the life that waits us there ;
Thoughts, feelings, flashes, glimpses, come and go ;
We cannot speak them—nay, we do not know :
Wrapt in this cloud of light, we seem to be
The thing we fain would grow—eternally."

"No !" saith the Lord, "the hour is past ; we go :
Our home, our life, our duties lie below.
While here we kneel upon the mount of prayer,
The plough lies waiting in the furrow there :
Here we sought God that we might know His will,
There we must do it—serve Him—seek Him still.

If man aspires to reach the throne of God,
O'er the dull plains of earth must lie the road.
He who best does his lowly duty here,
Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere :
At God's own feet our spirits seek their rest,
And he is nearest Him who serves Him best."

315.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

YE, who'er for Christ are seeking,
Lift your longing eyes on high ;
There behold the glory breaking
Of celestial Majesty.

Bright the Vision there unveiling,
With unbounded lustre bright ;
High, sublime, and never-failing,
Elder than primæval light.

He is King, all realms to gather,
King, whom Israel's tribes obey ;
Promised to His people's father
Abraham and his seed for aye.

Seers, to Him high witness breathing,
Seal their words with love and fear ;
Him the Eternal Sire bequeathing
Bids His own believe and hear.

Jesu hail, Thyself revealing,
Where Thy little ones adore ;
With Thy Sire and Spirit healing,
One true God for evermore.

316.

"THERE REMAINETH A REST FOR THE PEOPLE OF GOD."

IF Thou, O God, wert all unrest,
If grief must hem Thy Presence round,
If clouds and darkness here opprest
All hearts in which Thy grace is found,

Still might we love Thee, gracious Lord,
For righteousness is more than joy,
Hope might a far-off lamp afford,
And Truth our heart of hearts employ.

But, Lord, on all who love Thee well
Far other gifts Thy grace bestows ;
O'er souls which in Thy Presence dwell
All joy, all hope, all comfort flows.

Theirs is the breath of liberty
Which, freshening every pulse of life,
Keeps all its currents ever free
From stagnancies of inward strife.

O Wellspring of all true delight,
O Source of every gift divine,
Thus may my life with Thee be bright,
Thus on my soul Thy Presence shine.

317.

BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

But where the Gospel comes
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is Thy word,
And all Thy judgments just ;
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord ;
And men securely trust.

While with my heart and tongue
I spread Thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

318.

THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee ;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

Thou Who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress ;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine,
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that Love which died for sin,
That Love which wept for woe.

319.

FOR ever with the Lord !
Amen ! so let it be !
Life from the dead is in that word
And immortality !

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul ! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies ;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease ;
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace !

Then, then I feel, that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

320.

JERUSALEM the Golden !
With milk and honey blest ;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, O, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare :

And when I fain would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints.
They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And many a martyr-throng.

The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene ;
The pastures of the Blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen :
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

321.

FOR thee, O dear, dear Country !
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy Name, they weep :
O one, O only mansion,
O Paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy :

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze :
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays :
Thy ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced ;
The Saints build up its fabric,
The Corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

322.

THERE is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains ;
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.

Built by the word of His command,
With His unclouded Presence blest,
Firm as His throne the bulwarks stand ;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

Thither let fervent faith aspire ;
Our treasure and our heart be there ;
Thither, to join yon blissful choir,
May hope and love our spirits bear !

So may we reach that blest retreat,
And with the happy ransomed throng
Around His throne united meet,
And raise with them the heavenly song !

323.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeckoned eyes ;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

324.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

325.

WHO shall ascend to the holy place,
And stand on the holy hill?
Who shall the boundless realms of space
With shouts of rapture thrill?
Hallelujah!
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

The servants of the Lord are they,
The pure in heart and hand,
For whom the eternal bars give way,
The eternal gates expand!
Hallelujah!
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

Not to the noble, not to the strong,
To the wealthy, or the wise,
Is given a part in that angel-song,
That music of the skies.
Hallelujah!
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

But those who in humble and holy fear,
With childlike faith and love,
Have served the Lord as their Master here,
Shall praise their Lord above.
Hallelujah!
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

Hope.

And chiefly those who in youth to Him
Their morn of life have given,
With Cherubim and Seraphim,
And all the host of heaven—
Hallelujah!
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

Shall stand in robes of purest white,
And to the Lamb shall raise
The song that rests not day or night,
The eternity of praise!
Hallelujah!
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

326..

HARK, hark, my soul ! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore ;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
" Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come !"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd ! turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, is reached at last.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Hope.

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

327.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now ; and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light ;
Zion's city is in sight :
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Christ, the everlasting Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

328.

FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek a new, a better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Halleluiah,
We are on our way to God.

There sin and sorrow cease,
And, every conflict o'er,
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Halleluiah,
We are on our way to God.

There in celestial strains
Enraptured myriads sing ;
And love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
Halleluiah,
We are on our way to God.

We soon shall join the throng,
And soon their pleasures share ;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.
Halleluiah,
We are on our way to God.

329.

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life !

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe ;
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
Know ye not your Captain's power ?

Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March, in heavenly armour clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long ;
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye ;
Soon shall every tear be dry :
Let not fears your course impede ;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move ;
More than conquerors ye shall prove :
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go !

330.

AS the hart the brooks desireth,
So my spirit thirsts for Thee ;
Lord, to Thee my soul aspieth,
In Thy blest abode to be.
Hope in God, my spirit, still ;
God my lips with praise shall fill.
Fear not when the waves o'erflow thee ;
He will loving-kindness shew thee.

With the day He'll give His blessing ;
Thou with evening bring thy song :
Whilst thou art thy God confessing,
He His mercies will prolong.
Why hast Thou forgotten me ?
Nay, my soul, what grieveth thee ?
Hope in God, and yet His praises
Sing, who thee in sorrow raises.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Joy in grief, O God, Thou art ;
Who Thy love, O God, inherit,
Rest on Thee in mind and heart.
Holy Father, love is Thine,
Ever healing, all divine :
Jesu ! Thine be adoration,
For Thy Spirit's consolation.

331.

LEADER of faithful souls and Guide

Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, even us, abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely ;
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place ;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

Through Thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven ;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd ;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God ;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

332.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,

Art thou sore distress'd ?

“Come to me,” saith One, “and coming,
Be at rest.”

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,

If He be my Guide ?

“In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.”

Is there diadem, as Monarch,

That His brow adorns ?

“Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.”

If I find Him, if I follow,

What His guerdon here ?

“Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.”

If I still hold closely to Him,

What hath He at last ?

“Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan passed.”

If I ask Him to receive me,

Will He say me nay ?

“Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.”

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,

Is He sure to bless ?

“Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes.”

333.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love ;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe :
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy Face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy Altars, O most High ;
Happier souls that find a rest
In a Heavenly Father's breast ;
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls, their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe ;
Waters in the deserts rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies ;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Hope.

Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place ;
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart ;
Grace and glory flow from Thee ;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

334.

JESU! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy Face to see,
And in Thy Presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

Jesu! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be:
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

335.

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word :
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride,
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth ;
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

'Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

336.

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return ;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave ;
And though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned—
The dawn shall bring us light ;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice :
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

337.

THE gloomy night will soon be past,
The morning will appear,
The rays of blessed light at last
Each waiting eye will cheer.

Thou Bright and Morning Star, Thy light
Will to our joy be seen ;
Thou, Lord, will meet our longing sight ;
Without a cloud between.

Thy love sustains us on our way,
While pilgrims here below ;
Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day,
Thy suited grace bestow.

But O ! the more we learn of Thee,
And Thy rich mercy prove,
The more we long Thy face to see,
And fully know Thy love.

Then shine, Thou Bright and Morning Star,
Dispel the dreary gloom ;
O take from sin and grief afar
Thy blood-bought people home.

338.

WAKE, awake, for night is flying,
The watchmen on the heights are crying ;
Awake, Jerusalem, at last !
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices ;
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past !
 The Bridegroom comes, awake,
 Your lamps with gladness take ;
 Halleluiah !
And for His marriage feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there.

Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom ;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come !
 Ah come, Thou blessed Lord,
 O Jesus, Son of God,
 Halleluiah !
We follow till the halls we see,
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

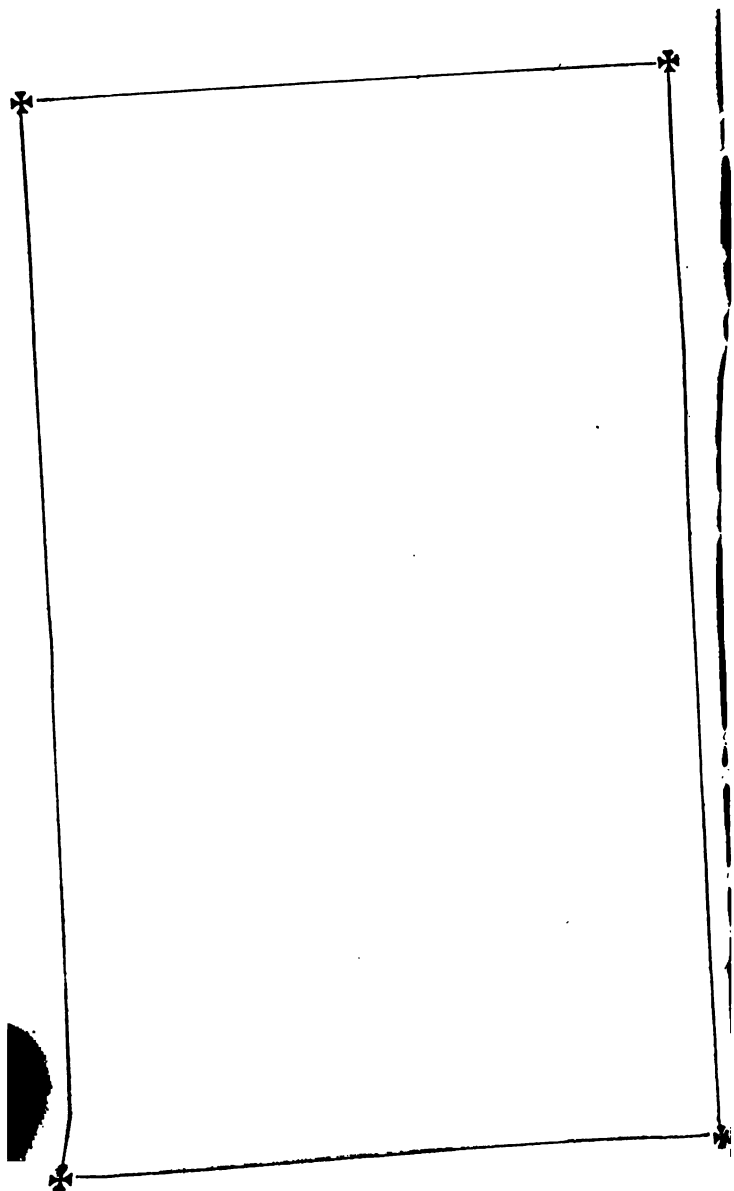
Hope.

339.

MEET is Thy mercy, Lord! before Thy mercy seat
: souls adoring plead Thy Word, and own Thy mercy
sweet.

where'er Thy Name is blest, where'er Thy people meet,
there we delight in Thee to rest, and find Thy mercy sweet.

Lead Thou our weary way, lead Thou our wand'ring feet,
at while we stay on earth, we may still find Thy mercy
sweet.



INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR.	NUMBER OF HYMN.
A		
A few more years shall roll . . .	<i>Horatius Bonar</i> . . .	71
A tower of strength our God doth stand	<i>H. J. Buckoll, from Luther</i>	285
Abide with me, fast falls the eventide	<i>Henry Francis Lyte</i> . . .	22
According to Thy gracious word . . .	<i>James Montgomery</i> . . .	160
Again as evening's shadow falls . . .	<i>Samuel Longfellow</i> . . .	31
Again the daylight fills the sky . . .	<i>John Mason Neale</i> . . .	10
Again the Lord of life and light . . .	<i>A. L. Barbault</i> . . .	117
All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow . . .	<i>John Moultrie</i> . . .	107
All people that on earth do dwell (Ps. 100)	<i>John Hopkins</i> . . .	199
All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept	<i>Bishop Ken</i> . . .	2
Alleluia! Finita jam sunt proelia . . .	<i>unknown, 12th century</i> . . .	109
And now the wants are told . . .	<i>William Bright, D.D.</i> . . .	49
And now, O Father, mindful of the love	<i>William Bright, D.D.</i> . . .	159
Art thou weary? art thou languid? . . .	<i>John Mason Neale (Greek)</i>	332
As now the sun's declining rays . . .	<i>John Chandler</i> . . .	26
As pants the hart for cooling streams (Ps. 42)	<i>Tate and Brady</i> . . .	84
As the hart the brooks desireth (Ps. 42)	<i>Mr. Russell's collection</i> . . .	330
As Thou didst rest, O Father . . .	<i>Alfred Barry, D.D.</i> . . .	45
As with gladness men of old . . .	<i>W. Chatterton Dix</i> . . .	74
At even ere the sun was set . . .	<i>Henry Twells</i> . . .	25
Awake, my soul, and with the sun . . .	<i>Bishop Ken</i> . . .	1

Index of First Lines.

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR.	NUMBER OF HYMN.
B		
Be Thou my Guardian and my Guide	<i>Isaac Williams</i>	240
Before Jehovah's awful throne (Ps. 100)	<i>Isaac Watts & John Wesley</i>	200
Behold the morning sun	<i>Isaac Watts</i>	317
Beneath our feet, and o'er our head	<i>Bishop Heber</i>	170
Blessed Lord, who Thee receive		161
Blest are the pure in heart	<i>part by John Keble</i>	147
Blest be Thy love, dear Lord	<i>John Austin</i>	283
Blest is the man who walks with God (Ps. 1)	<i>Mr. Knight's collection</i>	284
Blest Jesu, at Thy gracious word		155
Blest Lamb of God, whose dying love		156
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	<i>Charles Wesley</i>	66
Bread of the world, in mercy broken	<i>Bishop Heber</i>	166
Bread of Heaven, on Thee we feed	<i>Josiah Conder, altered</i>	154
Bride of Christ, to whom 'tis given	<i>John Chandler, altered by H. F. Buckoll</i>	145
Brief life is here our portion	<i>Neale, from Bernard of Clugny</i>	304
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	<i>Bishop Heber</i>	75
By the Cross, in anguish sighing	<i>Jacobus de Benedictis</i>	105
C		
Call Jehovah Thy salvation	<i>James Montgomery</i>	292
Calmed each soul, and closed each door	<i>Dickinson</i>	113
Children of the heavenly King	<i>John Cennick</i>	327
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	<i>Charles Wesley</i>	111
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	<i>Charles Wesley</i>	7
Christians awake, salute the happy morn	<i>John Byrom</i>	69
Christian brethren, ere we part		50
Christian, seek not yet repose	<i>Charlotte Elliott</i>	299

Index of First Lines.

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR.	NUMBER OF HYMN.
Come, Holy Ghost, eternal God. . .	<i>Bishop Cosin (Ordination Service) . . .</i>	128
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire. . .	<i>Bishop Cosin (Ordination Service) . . .</i>	127
Come, let us join our cheerful songs. . .	<i>Isaac Watts . . .</i>	207
Come, let us join our friends above. . .	<i>Charles Wesley . . .</i>	208
Come, let us to the Lord our God. . .	<i>John Morrison . . .</i>	336
Come, my soul, thou must be waking. . .	<i>from Canitz . . .</i>	8
Come, O Saviour, long expected. . .	<i>variation from Charles Wesley . . .</i>	60
Come, thou bright and morning star. . .	<i>R. Massie, from Rosenroth . . .</i>	13
Come, Thou Holy Ghost, we pray. . .	<i>King Robert of France, tr. Buckoll . . .</i>	131
Commit thou all thy griefs. . .	<i>John Wesley, from Gerhardt . . .</i>	295
Creator, Spirit, by whose aid. . .	<i>John Dryden . . .</i>	133

D

Day of wrath, thou day of thunder. . .	<i>H. J. Buakoll, from the Latin . . .</i>	59
Dies irae, dies illa.	<i>Thomas of Celano, Franciscan of 13th century . . .</i>	58
Draw nigh, and take the body of the Lord.	<i>John Mason Neale . . .</i>	157

E

Ere another Sabbath's close. . .	<i>Noel's Collection, 1832 . . .</i>	52
Ere that solemn hour of doom. . .	<i>Dickinson . . .</i>	57
Eternal Beam of Light Divine. . .	<i>John Wesley . . .</i>	254

F

Far from my heavenly home (Ps. 137) . . .	<i>H. F. Lyte . . .</i>	86
Father! by Thy love and power. . .	<i>Joseph Anstice . . .</i>	36
Father, hear Thy children's praises. . .	<i>H. J. Buckoll . . .</i>	182

Index of First Lines.

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR.	NUMBER OF HYMN.
Father, I know that all my life .	<i>Anna Lætitia Waring</i>	239
Father of mercies, let our ways	265
Father, to Thee our life is owing .	<i>H. J. Buckoll</i>	181
Father of heaven, whose love profound	<i>J. Cooper</i>	137
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss .	<i>Anna Steele</i>	279
For ever with the Lord .	<i>James Montgomery</i>	319
For thee, O dear, dear country .	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	321
For Thy mercy and Thy grace .	<i>Henry Downton</i>	72
Forgive, O Lord, our wanderings past	<i>J. Kemphorne</i>	153
Forth from the dark and stormy sky .	<i>Bishop Heber</i>	248
Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go .	<i>Charles Wesley</i>	12
From Egypt's bondage come .	<i>Thomas Kelly</i>	328
From Greenland's icy mountains .	<i>Bishop Heber</i>	176
Fulfil Thy promise, gracious Lord .	<i>John Newton</i>	268

G

Give ear unto my cry (Ps. 61) .	<i>F. D. Morice</i>	95
Glorious things of Thee are spoken .	<i>John Newton</i>	305
Glory be to God on high .	<i>Charles Wesley</i>	234
Glory to Thee, my God, this night .	<i>Bishop Ken</i>	17
Go to dark Gethsemane .	<i>James Montgomery</i>	104
Go when the morning shineth .	<i>Lord Carlisle</i>	278
God is gone up with a merry noise .	<i>Bishop Heber</i>	118
God is King, the nations quiver (Ps. 99)	<i>John Keble</i>	209
God moves in a mysterious way .	<i>William Cowper</i>	291
God of ages, never ending .	<i>Neumann, 1815, tr. H. J. Buckoll</i>	38
God of mercy, God of grace (Ps. 67) .	<i>H. F. Lyte</i>	235
God that madest earth and heaven .	<i>Bishop Heber and Arch- bishop Whately</i>	20
God the Lord a King remaineth (Ps. 93)	<i>John Keble</i>	195
Great God, what do I see and hear .	<i>Ringwall and Collyer</i>	55
Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear .	<i>John Newton</i>	264
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah .	<i>W. Williams</i>	242

Index of First Lines.

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR.	NUMBER OF HYMN.
H		
Hail the day that sees Him rise	<i>Charles Wesley, from Martin Madan</i>	123
Hail, thou bright and sacred morn	<i>Julia Anne Elliott</i>	47
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	<i>James Montgomery</i>	63
Hark! a voice divides the sky	<i>Charles Wesley</i>	173
Hark! hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling	<i>Frederic William Faber</i>	326
Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes	<i>Philip Doddridge</i>	53
Hark! the herald angels sing	<i>Charles Wesley</i>	70
Hark! the song of jubilee	<i>James Montgomery</i>	174
Have mercy, Lord, on me (Ps. 51)	<i>Tate and Brady</i>	77
He is gone—beyond the skies	<i>A. P. Stanley</i>	121
He is gone—towards their goal	<i>A. P. Stanley</i>	122
Here, O my Lord, see Thee face to face	<i>Horatius Bonar</i>	164
High let us swell our tuneful notes	<i>Philip Doddridge</i>	68
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	<i>Bishop Heber</i>	136
Hosanna to the living Lord	<i>Bishop Heber</i>	61
How beauteous are their feet	<i>Isaac Watts</i>	238
How blest are they, whose hearts are pure	<i>W. H. Bathurst</i>	289
How bright those glorious spirits shine	<i>W. Cameron, variation from Isaac Watts</i>	150
How shall the young preserve their ways (Ps. 119)	<i>Tate and Brady</i>	256
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	<i>John Newton</i>	228

I

I heard the voice of Jesus say	<i>Horatius Bonar</i>	296
I lift my heart to Thee (Ps. 25)	<i>T. Sternhold</i>	89
I praised the earth in beauty seen	<i>Bishop Heber</i>	185
If Thou, O God, wert all unrest	<i>C. E. Moberly</i>	316
In the hour of trial	<i>James Montgomery</i>	91

Index of First Lines.

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR.	NUMBER OF HYMN.
In the morning hear my voice	11
In the time of my distress	<i>Herrick's Litany</i>	274

J

Jam lucis orto sidere	<i>Ambrosian</i>	9
Jerusalem, my happy home	<i>F. A. Baker</i>	149
Jerusalem the golden	<i>J. M. Neale, from Bernard de Morlaix</i>	320
Jesu dulcis memoria	<i>Bernard of Clairvaux</i>	73
Jesu, lover of my soul	<i>Charles Wesley</i>	80
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my all	<i>Henry Collins</i>	233
Jesu! meek and gentle	<i>G. R. Prynne</i>	252
Jesu, the very thought of Thee	<i>Edward Caswall, altered</i>	334
Jesu, where'er Thy people meet	<i>William Cowper</i>	41
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	108
Jesus lives! no longer now	<i>Frances E. Cox, from the German of Gellert</i>	114
Jesus, Lord, to Thee we bow	211
Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee	<i>altered from C. Wesley</i>	272
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me	297
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun (Ps. 72)	<i>Isaac Watts</i>	214
Jesus! Thou joy of loving hearts	<i>Ray Palmer, from Bernard of Clairvaux</i>	163
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me	<i>tr. John Wesley</i>	255
Just as I am, without one plea	<i>Charlotte Elliott</i>	92

L

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom	<i>John Henry Newman, D.D.</i>	280
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	<i>James Edmeston</i>	241
Leader of faithful souls, and Guide	<i>Charles Wesley</i>	331
Let us with a gladsome mind (Ps. 136)	<i>John Milton</i>	190

Index of First Lines.

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR.	NUMBER OF HYMN.
Lift up, lift up your voices now	. <i>John Mason Neale</i>	. 116
Light of gladness, Beam divine	. <i>Greek Church, tr. W.</i>	
	<i>Bright . . .</i>	32
Light of Light, enlighten me	. <i>Schmolck, tr. Winkworth</i>	46
Lo! God is here! let us adore	. <i>John Wesley, from Ter-</i>	
	<i>steegen . . .</i>	224
Lo, He comes, with clouds descending	<i>Charles Wesley . . .</i>	54
Lo, round the throne, at God's right hand	<i>M. L. Duncan . . .</i>	144
Lo, the golden light is peering	. <i>from Prudentius . . .</i>	6
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee	. <i>John Hampden Gurney .</i>	251
Lord, behold us with Thy blessing	. <i>H. J. Buckoll . . .</i>	179
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	. <i>H. J. Buckoll . . .</i>	180
Lord, enrich us with Thy blessing	. <i>Hon. & Rev. Walter Shirley</i>	266
Lord, hear the voice of my complaint (Ps. 5) <i>Tate and Brady . . .</i>	16
Lord, if Thou Thy grace impart	. <i>Charles Wesley . . .</i>	250
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	. <i>Isaac Williams . . .</i>	88
Lord, let me know mine end	. <i>James Montgomery . . .</i>	90
Lord of mercy and of might	. <i>Bishop Heber . . .</i>	247
Lord of my life, whose tender care	37
Lord of our life, and God of our salvation <i>Salisbury book . . .</i>	270
Lord of power, Lord of might	. <i>G. Thring . . .</i>	276
Lord of the Sabbath! hear our vows	. <i>Philip Doddridge . . .</i>	42
Lord of the worlds above (Ps. 84)	. <i>Isaac Watts . . .</i>	40
Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee	<i>Bishop Samuel Hinds .</i>	167
Lord, the heavens declare Thy glory (Ps. 19) <i>Bishop Trower . . .</i>	184
Lord, Thy children guide and keep	. <i>W. Walsham How . . .</i>	14
Lord, Thy word abideth	. <i>Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.</i>	303
Lord, to whom, except to Thee	. <i>John S. B. Monsell . . .</i>	162
Lord, we thank Thee for the pleasure	<i>T. W. Jex-Blake . . .</i>	193

Index of First Lines.

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR.	NUMBER OF HYMN.
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne	<i>Joseph Dacre Carlyle</i>	. 261
Lord, who once from heaven descending	<i>Latham</i>	. 245
Love Divine, all love excelling	<i>Charles Wesley</i>	. 262

M

Morn of morns, and day of days	<i>Isaac Williams</i>	. 39
My God, and is Thy table spread	<i>Philip Doddridge</i>	. 152
My God, my Father, while I stray	<i>Charlotte Elliott</i>	. 257
My God, the spring of all my joys	<i>Isaac Watts</i>	. 227
My Lord, my God! if fear or shame	<i>F. D. Morice</i>	. 246
My Shepherd is the living Lord (Ps. 23)	<i>T. Sternhold</i>	. 204
My soul, praise the Lord (Ps. 104)	<i>William Kethe</i>	. 187
My soul, repeat His praise (Ps. 103)	<i>Isaac Watts</i>	. 215

N

Nearer, my God, to Thee	<i>Sarah F. Adams</i>	. 311
No change of times shall ever shock		
(Ps. 18)	<i>Tate and Brady</i>	. 236
Not all the blood of beasts	<i>Isaac Watts</i>	. 308
Now at the night's return, we raise	<i>William Bright, D.D.</i>	. 33
Now that the daylight dies away	<i>John Henry Newman, D.D.</i>	. 34
Now thank we all our God	<i>Catherine Winkworth, fr.</i>	
	<i>German of Rinckart</i>	198
Now the morn new light is pouring	<i>H. J. Buckoll, from</i>	
	<i>German.</i>	4

O

O all ye nations, praise the Lord		
(Ps. 117)	<i>Isaac Watts</i>	. 178
O come, loud anthems let us sing		
(Ps. 95)	<i>Tate and Brady</i>	. 219
O Father, who didst all things make	<i>H. B. Heathcote</i>	. 19
O for a closer walk with God	<i>William Cowper</i>	. 260

Index of First Lines.

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR.	NUMBER OF HYMN.
O God, my strength and fortitude (Ps. 18)	<i>Thomas Sternhold</i>	232
O God of Bethel, by whose hand	<i>Philip Doddridge and John Logan</i>	243
O God of hosts, the mighty Lord (Ps. 84)	<i>Tate and Brady</i>	225
O God, our help in ages past (Ps. 90)	<i>Isaac Watts</i>	287
O God, Thou art my God alone (Ps. 63)	<i>James Montgomery</i>	205
O God unseen, yet ever near	<i>Edward Osler</i>	165
O for a heart to praise my God	<i>Charles Wesley</i>	259
O happy band of pilgrims	<i>John Mason Neale</i>	312
O help us, Lord; each hour of need	<i>Henry Hart Milman</i>	87
O Jesu Christ, if aught there be	<i>Edward Caswall</i>	83
O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace	<i>John Chandler, from St. Ambrose</i>	5
O Jesu, who art gone before	<i>Chandler, altered by H. J. Buckoll</i>	119
O Lord, another day is flown	<i>Henry Kirke White</i>	35
O Lord, how happy should we be	<i>Joseph Anstice</i>	294
O Lord, turn not Thy face away	<i>variation by Bishop Heber, from John Marckant</i>	76
O Lord, thou knowest all the snares	<i>Emma Toke</i>	275
O Love divine, how sweet thou art	<i>Charles Wesley</i>	263
O Love, who formedst me to wear	<i>Jonas Scheffler, tr. Wink- worth</i>	310
O omnes gentes undique (Ps. 117)	177
O Paradise, O Paradise	<i>F. W. Faber</i>	172
O praise the Lord, O praise Him (Ps. 150)	222
O praise ye the Lord (Ps. 149)	<i>Tate and Brady</i>	220
O render thanks to God above (Ps. 106)	<i>Tate and Brady</i>	231
O sacred Head, surrounded	<i>tr. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., from Bernard</i>	103

Index of First Lines.

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR.	NUMBER OF HYMN.
O Saviour, is Thy promise fled . . .	<i>Bishop Heber</i> . . .	65
O Thou from whom all goodness flows	<i>Thomas Haweis</i> . . .	93
O Thou, once laid within the grave .	<i>Lavater, tr. Buckoll</i> . . .	112
O 'Thou, to whom all creatures bow (Ps. 8)	<i>Tate and Brady</i> . . .	230
O Thou, to whose all-searching sight	<i>John Wesley, from the German</i> . . .	78
O Thou, who camest from above .	<i>Charles Wesley</i> . . .	253
O Thou, who hast at Thy command	<i>J. Cotterill</i> . . .	244
O Thou, whom neither time nor space	<i>Bishop Heber</i> . . .	138
O timely happy, timely wise . . .	<i>John Keble</i> . . .	3
O what if we are Christ's . . .	<i>Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.</i>	148
O where shall rest be found . . .	<i>James Montgomery</i> . . .	273
O worship the King (Ps. 104) . . .	<i>Sir Robert Grant</i> . . .	218
O ye who love the Lord		217
Object of my first desire	<i>Augustus Montagu Toplady</i>	94
Oft in danger, oft in woe	<i>H. K. White and F. F. Maitland</i> . . .	329
On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry .	<i>John Chandler, from the Latin</i> . . .	62
On the night of His last supper . .	<i>Thomas Aquinas, tr. Buckoll</i> . . .	158
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	<i>Harriet Auber</i> . . .	293
Out of the deep I call	<i>Sir H. W. Baker, Bart.</i>	85

P

Pleasant are Thy courts above (Ps. 84)	<i>Henry Francis Lyte</i> . . .	333
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair .	<i>Isaac Watts</i> . . .	216
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven (Ps. 103)	<i>Henry Francis Lyte</i> . . .	197
Praise the Lord, His glories shew .	<i>Henry Francis Lyte</i> . . .	196
Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him (Ps. 148)	<i>J. Kemphorne</i> . . .	194

Index of First Lines.

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR.	NUMBER OF HYMN.
R		
Rejoice, the Lord is king . . .	<i>Charles Wesley</i> . . .	210
Ride on ! ride on in majesty . . .	<i>Henry Hart Milman</i> . . .	96
Rock of ages, cleft for me . . .	<i>Augustus Montagu Toplady</i>	102
Round the Lord in glory seated . . .	<i>Bishop Mant</i> . . .	206
Ruler of the hosts of light . . .	<i>John Chandler</i> . . .	120
S		
Sabbath of the saints of old . . .	<i>Thomas Whytehead</i> . . .	106
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name . . .	<i>John Ellerton</i> . . .	48
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	<i>James Edmeston</i> . . .	21
Saviour, Source of every blessing	229
Saviour, when in dust to Thee . . .	<i>Sir Robert Grant</i> . . .	81
Shine on our souls, eternal God . . .	<i>Philip Doddridge</i> . . .	15
Sing to the Lord a joyful song . . .	<i>John S. B. Monsell</i> . . .	237
Soldiers of Christ, arise	<i>Charles Wesley</i> . . .	169
Songs of praise the angels sang . . .	<i>James Montgomery</i> . . .	213
Spouse of Christ, in arms contending	<i>W. Palmer, from the Latin</i>	146
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love . . .	<i>Foundling Hospital Col- lection, 1774</i> . . .	132
Spirit of truth ! on this thy day . . .	<i>Bishop Heber</i> . . .	135
Spread Thy triumph far and nigh . . .	<i>T. Bahnmeier, 1774, tr. Buckoll</i> . . .	175
Stand up and bless the Lord . . .	<i>James Montgomery</i> . . .	223
Stay, Master, stay ! upon this heavenly hill	<i>Samuel Greg</i> . . .	314
Strive when thou art called of God . . .	<i>Winkler, tr. Catherine Winkworth</i> . . .	301
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear . . .	<i>John Keble</i> . . .	18
Sweet is the work, my God, my King (Ps. 92)	<i>Isaac Watts</i> . . .	221
Sweet is Thy mercy, Lord ; before Thy mercy-seat	<i>John S. B. Monsell</i> . . .	339

Index of First Lines.

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR.	NUMBER OF HYMN.
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go .	<i>Frederic William Faber .</i>	24
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing .	<i>Hon. Walter Shirley .</i>	99
T		
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said .	<i>C. W. Everest .</i>	302
The Christian's path shines more and more	<i>Thomas Holme .</i>	290
The Church's one foundation .	<i>J. Stone .</i>	335
The day is past and over .	<i>Anatolius, tr. by J. M. Neale .</i>	27
The day of praise is done .	<i>John Ellerton .</i>	51
The day, O Lord, is spent .	<i>J. M. Neale .</i>	28
The eternal gates lift up their heads .	<i>Psalter, 1621 .</i>	124
The gloomy night will soon be past .	<i>S. P. Tregelles .</i>	337
The happy morn is come .	<i>Thomas Haweis .</i>	115
The High Priest once a year .	<i>Isaac Williams .</i>	126
The King of love my Shepherd is (Ps. 23)	<i>Sir H. W. Baker, Bart. .</i>	313
The Lord of Might, from Sinai's brow	<i>Bishop Heber .</i>	67
The Lord my pasture shall prepare .	<i>Joseph Addison .</i>	281
The Lord's eternal gifts .	<i>Ambrose, tr. Edward Caswall .</i>	142
The radiant morn hath passed away	<i>Godfrey Thring .</i>	23
The roseate hues of early morn	<i>C. F. Alexander .</i>	258
The solemn season calls us now	<i>tr. John Chandler .</i>	79
The Son of God goes forth to war	<i>Bishop Heber .</i>	143
The spacious firmament on high	<i>Spectator, No. 465 (Joseph Addison ?) .</i>	188
The strain upraise of joy and praise .	<i>translated by J. M. Neale</i>	186
The strife is o'er, the battle done	<i>Francis Pott, from the Latin .</i>	110
The sun is sinking fast .	<i>E. Caswall, from the Latin</i>	29
There is a book, who runs may read .	<i>John Keble .</i>	183

Index of First Lines.

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR.	NUMBER OF HYMN.
There is a fountain filled with blood .	<i>William Cowper</i> .	98
There is a land of pure delight .	<i>Isaac Watts</i> . .	323
There is a river, pure and bright	322
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light .	<i>Jane Crewdson</i> .	318
Thine for ever! God of love . .	<i>Mary F. Maude</i> .	168
This is the day the Lord hath made (Ps. 118)	<i>Isaac Watts</i>	44
This is the day of light	<i>John Ellerton</i> . .	43
Thou art gone up on high	<i>Emma Toke</i>	125
Thou art the Way; by Thee alone .	<i>Bishop G. W. Doane</i> .	298
Thou inevitable day	<i>Archbishop R. C. Trench</i>	171
Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known (Ps. 139)	<i>Tate and Brady</i> . .	271
Thou who camest from above	129
Three in One, and One in Three .	<i>Gilbert Rorison</i> . .	139
Thrice Holy God, of wondrous might	<i>tr. Chandler</i>	267
Through all the changing scenes of life (Ps. 34)	<i>Tate and Brady</i> . .	201
Through the day Thy love has spared us	<i>Thomas Kelly</i>	30
Thy kingdom come, O God	<i>Lewis Hensley</i>	269
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	<i>Horatius Bonar</i>	288
To bless Thy chosen race (Ps. 67) .	<i>Tate and Brady</i>	249
To Christ, the Prince of Peace	<i>Edward Caswall</i>	100
To Thee, O loving Saviour, our spirits turn for rest	<i>John S. B. Monsell</i> . .	300
To Sion's hill I lift mine eyes (Ps. 121)	<i>Tate and Brady</i>	282

U

Up to those bright and gladsome hills (Ps. 121)	<i>Henry Vaughan</i>	286
--	------------------------------	-----

V

Veni, Sancte Spiritus	<i>? Robert II. of France, 'the Golden Sequence'</i> .	130
-------------------------------	--	-----

Index of First Lines.

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR.	NUMBER OF HYMN.
W		
Wake! awake, for night is flying	<i>Nicolai, tr. Winkworth</i>	338
We love Thee, Lord, yet not alone	<i>J. A. Elliott</i>	202
We love the place, O God	<i>W. Bullock</i>	225
We saw Thee not, when Thou didst tread	<i>J. H. Gurney</i>	307
We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth	<i>Bishop George Lynch Cotton</i>	192
Weary of earth, and laden with my sin	<i>S. J. Stone</i>	97
What are these in bright array	<i>James Montgomery</i>	140
When all Thy mercies, O my God	<i>Joseph Addison</i>	203
When Christ the Lord would come on earth	<i>Henry Alford</i>	56
When gathering clouds around I view	<i>Sir Robert Grant</i>	82
When God of old came down from heaven	<i>John Keble</i>	134
When I can read my title clear	<i>Isaac Watts</i>	324
When I survey the wondrous Cross	<i>Isaac Watts</i>	101
When the day of toil is done	<i>John Ellerton</i>	277
Where high the heavenly temple stands	<i>Michael Bruce</i>	306
Who are these like stars appearing	<i>Frances E. Cox, from German of Schenck</i>	141
Who follows Christ, whate'er betide	<i>Catherine Winkworth, from the German</i>	309
Who shall ascend to the holy place	<i>T. E. Hankinson</i>	325
With glory clad, with strength arrayed (Ps. 93)	<i>Tate and Brady</i>	189
Y		
Ye boundless realms of joy (Ps. 148)	<i>Tate and Brady</i>	191
Ye saints in blest communion	<i>John S. B. Monsell</i>	151
Ye servants of God	<i>Charles Wesley</i>	212
Ye servants of the Lord	<i>Philip Doddridge</i>	64
Ye, whoe'er for Christ are seeking	<i>from Prudentius</i>	315



RUGBY :
W. BILLINGTON, PRINTER,
MARKET PLACE.





SEP 10 1999



3 2044 052 820 081

RUGBY School, Rugby, Eng. BV
Hymns for the use 525
of Rugby School. .R8
1876

